. R. R.

ADWAY'S

ADY RELIEF

Cheapest and Best Medicine Family Use in the World.

reat Colds. Coughs, nflamation, Sciatica, Lumbago ttm, Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, ness, Diphtheria. Influenza. Difficult Breathing

ED AND PREVENTED BY

way's Ready Relief

of LUMBAGO and RHEUMATISM S READY RELIEF NEVER FAILS

Testimony of Emigrant Commissioner the Hon. George Starr, as to Power of Radway's Ready Relief in a Case of Sciatic Rheumatism.

No. 3 Van Ness Place, New York. DWAY: With me, your Relief has worked For the last three years I have had fre severe attacks of sciatica, sometimes o om the lumbar regions to my ankles, and both lower limbs. the time I have been afflicted I have tried the remedies recommended by wise men hoping to find relief, but all proved to be

tried various kinds of baths, manipulation, applications of liniments, too numerous to , all of which failed to give me relief. December, at the urgent request of a friend been afflicted as myself, I was induced to emedy. I was then suffering fearfully with old turpentine. To my surprise and delight plication gave me ease, after bathing and the parts affected, leaving the limb and e, created by the friction. In a short time assed entirely away, although I have had attacks approaching a change of weather, now how to cure myself, and defy the situation. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF ed friend. I never travel without a bottle me. Yours truly, GEO. STARR.

Following was received by mail Sept. 26 W. H. Blyth, Druggist, Mount Pleasant, Texas.

, H. BLYTH—Sir: In compliance with est to furnish you with the results of my and experience with Radway's Ready ly I can state that I have been using it for months since 1882. I know the Relief be a specific for Ills and all Bowel Com- It is more reliable for Colds, Coughs, , and diseases growing out of Colds, fe- ses, Sprains, Inflammations, and aches and erally, than any remedy I have ever known. en my personal knowledge of the Radway have any knowledge, for all the ills they are recommended, I am, Respectfully, T. H. SKIDMORE, Pastor Green Hill Presbyterian Church.

E ONLY PAIN REMEDY

antly stops the most excruciating pains, ammation and cures Congestion, whether gs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or y one application.

m One to Twenty Minutes!

how violent or excruciating the pain the e, Bed-ridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, or prostrated with disease may suffer,

RADWAY'S

ADY RELIEF

ILL AFFORD INSTANT EASE.

nation of the Kidneys, Inflammation of the mmation of the Bowels, Congestion of , Sore Throat, Difficult Breathing, Pain the Heart, Hysterics, Croup, Delirium, Influenza, Headache, Toothache, Neuralgia, Chills, Ague, Chills, Chilblains, s, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, dication of the READY RELIEF to the arts, will find the difficulty or pain exists, will and comfort.

Twenty drops in half a tumbler of water ve minutes cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Sick Headache, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, ea, Flatulency, and internal pains.

MALARIA

and Fever, Fever and Ague Conquered.

way's Ready Relief

cures the patient inred with this terrible ders in newly settled districts, where Fever d Ague exists, but if people exposed in it attacks approaching a change of weather, thirty drops of the Ready Relief in a rater, and drink it, and can say a cruel, escape all attacks. You cannot shake

and AGUE cured for 50 cents. There is medial agent in the world that will cure d Ague and all other Malarious, Bilious, Typhoid, Yellow and other fevers (aided by S PILLS) so quickly as Radway's Ready

ty Cents Per Bottle.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

R. RADWAY'S

RSAPARILLIAN

ESOLVENT.

Great Blood Purifier.

e Cure of all Chronic Diseases

rheumatism, Scrofula, Syphilitic Constitutional Diseases, Glandular Swellings, Ulcers, Skin etc. Glandular Swellings, Ulcers, Skin Dry Inward Pains, Fullness of blood in the Head, Nausea, Dizziness, Shortness of Breath, Fullness of the Stomach, Nausea, Dizziness, Shortness of Breath, Fullness or Flattering of the Heart, Sinking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs and Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S RESOLVENT will free the system of all the above-named disorders. Price 25 cents per bone-named disorders. Price 25 cents per bone. Sold by DR. RADWAY & CO. Send a letter stamp to DR. RADWAY & CO., 32 Warren street, New York, for Information worth thousands will be sent you.

THE SKIN.

few days' use of the SARSAPARILLIAN, be clear and beautiful. Pimples, Blotches, spots and Skin Eruptions removed. Sores cured. Persons suffering from Eruptive Diseases of the Face, Moth- y, may rely upon a cure if the Sarsaparilla a sufficient time to make its impress e system.

wonderful cures effected by the Sarsaparilla ent of Kidney, Bladder, Ovarian and Uri- e, its marvelous power in dissolving and ex- ulous concretions, stone or gravel, gout, and gres- The great kidney and urinary remedy in establishing a healthy discharge of ys in establishing a healthy discharge of during Inflammation or Irritation of the ladder. Ulcerations of the Kidneys and Blad- Albuminous or Brick Dust Deposits, and Sand, etc., establishing a healthy character of T CONSTITUTIONAL REMEDY.

SCROFULA,

er transmitted from parent or ancestor to the purifying range of the SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

e have been made where persons have been and with Scrofula from their youth up to 40 years of age, by

Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent

dy composed of ingredients of extraordinary al properties essential to purify, heal and in- gorate the broken down and wasted blood. , PLEASANT, SAFE and PERMANENT in ment and cure.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

e Dollar Per Bottle.

Radway's PILLS

e Great Liver & Stom Remedy.

rfectly tasteless, elegantly coated with sugar, regulate, purify, cleanse and strengthen

RADWAY'S PILLS

the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles and all Derangements of the internal viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals, or deleterious drugs.

PERFECT DIGESTION

Will be accomplished by taking one of Radway's Pills every morning, about 10 o'clock, as a dinner pill, or before going to bed.

SICK HEADACHE!

Dyspepsia, Foul Stomach, Biliousness were the first effects that is eaten contributes to the wholesome nourishment and healthful support of the various organs of the body.

Observe the following symptoms resulting from Diseases of the Digestive Organs: Constipation, Inward Piles, Fullness of blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fullness of Weight of the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering of the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs and Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders. Price 25 cents per box. Sold by DR. RADWAY & CO. Send a letter stamp to DR. RADWAY & CO., 32 Warren street, New York, for Information worth thousands will be sent you.

TO THE PUBLIC.

Be sure and ask for Radway's, and see that the name "RADWAY" is on what you buy

Send-Stnow

Horticultural Society

MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN

DEVOTED TO AGRICULTURE, HORTICULTURE, THE FARM, THE GARDEN.

AND NEW ENGLAND JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

THE FIRESIDE, RURAL LIFE, LITERATURE, USEFUL ARTS, NEWS, &c.

VOLUME XLVII.—NO. 27. BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1888. WHOLE NUMBER 2419.

MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN AND NEW ENGLAND JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

Official Organ of the N. E. Agricultural Society.

ISSUED WEEKLY AT "PLOUGHMAN BUILDING."

No. 45 Milk Street (cor. Devonshire St., Opposite the New Post Office.)

BOSTON.

GEO. NOYES, Ploughman Company, PROPRIETORS.

TERMS—$2.50 per annum in advance. $2.00 if not paid in advance. Postage Free. Single copies FIVE CENTS.

☞ No paper discontinued except at the option of the publishers, until all arrearages are paid.

☞ The PLOUGHMAN offers great advantages to advertisers. Its circulation is large and among the most active and intelligent portion of the community

TERMS OF ADVERTISING—One square of eight lines, one insertion, $1.00; each subsequent insertion, 50 cents.

Editorial.

APRIL ON THE FARM.

Seasonable Suggestions on the Subjects of Spring Work. Early Vegetables and Poultry.

Spring Work.—The cold, stormy weather of March has prevented the farmer from doing many things which he is usually able to do to forward the spring work. There has been but little chance to haul out the manure on the mowing land, which can often be done in March to good advantage. If the snow drifts are not deep the low lands can be covered with manure before the frost is out of the ground much easier than after spring opens and the land becomes soft, and certainly with much less injury to the grass roots. This year the snow banks probably in many localities will not disappear until the frost is partially out of some low lands, thus making it very difficult to drag heavy loads over them without having the wheels cut through the grass roots and leave the surface very uneven. When such is the case, it is a better way to wait until the ground gets somewhat hardened, and then spread only fine manure, or what perhaps is quite as well, not apply the manure until autumn. April with the farmer is the beginning of the busy season, and even on a small farm, there is at this season always enough to do, if the farmer be wide awake and inclined to drive his business, but if he always waits for his business to drive him, will pass through April spending much of his time smoking his pipe, and awaiting for the season to advance to a point where he is required to arouse himself and prepare the earth for the seed, if he is to have any harvest; such farmers are obliged to work hard during the busy season, and yet their work is so much behind that their crops are very unsatisfactory. When the weeding season comes they have so many things that must be done that they do not get time to pull weeds until they have overshadowed their crops and injured then to such extent, that with the best of care, they can never recover. The farmer who makes it a rule to do everything at just the right time, will grow his crops with much less labor than the farmer who is always behind, and his crops will always be larger. *The farmer* who does not put his fences in order until planting time, must leave his *planting* to be done later than it should be, or keep his cattle at the barn when they should be in the pasture, or turn his cattle out to roam where they please, and thus become so uneasy that when confined to the pasture intended for them, that they will not stop to feed much if they can find any place where they can break through or jump over. Whatever fencing there is to be done should, if possible, be done before the 1st of May, and whatever is to be done to the wood pile should also be done this month. If sawed and split when it should have been, the wood can be housed by the middle of the month. Books that are in the way of the plough should be removed as soon as the frost is out of the ground. Plum and cherry scions should be set early in the month, and apple and pear scions before the close of the month. If any buildings are to be painted it is well to have it done before the season commences and roads that have got out of repair during the season should be put in order as soon as the frost is out of the ground.

Farm Stock.—The farm animals must yet depend almost entirely on the farmer for their food and the intelligent farmer understands that as the growing season approaches it requires more skill to properly feed farm stock than earlier in the season; care must be taken to not only furnish good food, but enough of it. Some farmers, who are likely to come short of hay, will begin towards Spring to feed too small rations and thus little by little the cattle loose flesh. This is very poor policy, better buy hay or grain, or if this cannot be done then reduce the number of cattle by selling some of the most undesirable ones, but never sell the best ones. Sheep having lambs require the best of care and good quarters if it is expected to get good prices for the lambs. Hogs that are to be slaughtered this Spring should be fed on good sweet food, never fed city swill just before killing, if good pork is desired.

Early Potatoes.—If potatoes are expected by the middle of July, and are not to be started under glass, should be planted on a warm soil in a sheltered location as soon as the land is dry enough to work well. Be liberal in seeding, and if whole potatoes be planted the crop will come forward a week or ten days earlier than if cut potatoes be planted, this is a fact that has been demonstrated by hundreds of trials. In planting always select good seed, and be careful not to break the sprouts off in handling. It is better to keep potatoes where they will not sprout before planting time. Whatever manure is applied should be in a form to be immediately available for plant food, if barnmanure, then it should have been well rotted by being composted. If commercial fertilizers be used then it should be those brands which have the three elements of plant-food in a form to be soluble in water.

Radishes.—These should be planted as soon as the land is free from frost, and to get good ones the soil should be light, yet rich, for the radish is unfit to cut unless grown rapidly. The worms are more likely to injure the cute if manured with green barn manure, than if commercial fertilizers be applied. A fertilizer with as much per cent. of potash as phosphoric acid is better than most of the prepared fertilisers put on the market.

Early Beets.—Should be planted as early as radishes and treated very nearly the same and early turnips require as warm a soil as the radish, and are quite as difficult to grow free from worms. Early lettuce is more easily grown and is not so particular about soil. The early crops in the garden are too often overlooked by the farmer who is busy preparing for his field crops, but it is, after all, the little things, that, as a rule, most effect our happiness. A good early garden not only adds to the comfort of the family, but is quite a financial help in a large family.

The Poultry-Yard.—If early chicks are desired, the hens should be set early in the month, in fact it would have been better to have set them the last week in March, but chicks that come out in the middle of April must be looked after and kept from the cold winds the first week. After that, if the hen be kept in a small yard they may be permitted to run where they please in fair weather. It is not quite safe to let a hen run at large with her chicks, when small, until the first of June, and even then the chicks do quite as well to confine the mother in a small yard where the chicks can run in and out when they please.

AGRICULTURAL NOTES.

—A field of carrots will be found profitable by the farmer.

—It will pay to hatch your chickens as soon as possible now.

—Sheep should be carefully watched in wet, cold weather.

—Clean out the cellar now, and prevent one source of disease germs.

—Help should be hired early in the season before the best is all selected.

—March 3, a Glascow steamer brought 1,500 bushels of potatoes to this market.

—From fifteen to twenty quarts of sap are required to make a pound of sugar.

—It is not necessary to add to our possessions as to care for what we already have.

—424,000 sacks of potatoes have been shipped to New York since November 1st.

—The farm is a wonderful institution and requires careful and judicious management.

—Grafting wax and scions will be among the early requirements of the progressive farmer.

—The most valuable agricultural notes are those made by the farmer one season to be put in practice the next.

—The cultivator when well used not only kills all grass and weeds but stirs the ground and aids the growth.

—If there is abundant pasture, it is better to keep spring calves until fall and thus better prices may be obtained.

—Work, that will pay, for a quiet day is the making of label tags and support stakes for use in busy days to come.

—Take care that hot bed scahes are raised when an unusually warm day comes, that the plants may not be scorched.

—Underdrainage should be resorted to, when it is required to raise a crop on ground where water stands stagnant.

—Small fruits will bear when a year or two old, and every family who has a small piece of ground should cultivate them.

—If you have a boy to work for you, in order to save a man's wages, make sure you give him a boy's work and not a man's.

—A million acres of land have been added by the Dutch to the area of Holland within two hundred years by reclaiming it from the sea.

—Scrape off all moss and loose bark from the fruit trees, trim them up and make the orchard look like an orchard and not like a forest.

—Some who feed stock as a matter of course, think that hens can just as well forage for a living. This treatment will not give many eggs.

—The poor English sparrows that were so cordially welcomed a few years ago, are now like other foreigners, assured that "there are enough of us already and no room for strangers." Alas, times change.

—In cutting wood or going about among leafless shrubs at this season, poisoning is not infrequent. The best treatment, according to the Scientific American, is continuous application of water as hot as it can be borne.

DEHORNING.

[J. B. Colvin, in Michigan Farmer.]

With reference to dehorning cattle, will say I have practiced it for a short time, and find it to work splendidly. Have very lately taken the horns from six cows with no injury to the cows whatever, and you ought to see the difference it makes in the conduct of the ladies—they are as kind to each other as the same number of sheep.

I tie my cows with ropes around the head, so I had to leave enough of the horn so the rope would not slip off, otherwise would have cut them close to the head, as I think they look better. Do not fear the bleeding; it will not do a particle of harm. I use a small buck saw, but any saw will do so you get the horns off. Would cut them off with a crosscut sooner than leave them on.

When the calves are from two to three months old, after the horn gets formed and started, and just before it adheres too firmly to the head, I take a stout sharp jack-knife, (but first throw the calf and tie its legs) cut down beside the horn, turn the knife under and out on the other side and the horn is off. It is much the same as cutting the button off an overcoat, and no more difficult. You ask if it won't bleed? Of course it will bleed, but that won't hurt the calf.

In cold weather I take an old bag, cut it up into pieces six inches square, smear the cloth with warm tar, and when I cut a horn off I slap the tarred cloth over the end of the horn and tie with sheep twine, cut off the other horn and then tie the ends of the string together across the back of the head.

A great many are deterred from cutting their cattle's horns off from fear that they will bleed too much, but there is no danger of that whatever, I assure you. You can tie them up or not, just as you like, but the bleeding will do no harm if the horns are not tied up.

The idea of turning a vicious cow with a pair of sharp horns into a yard to chase and gore the other animals, is both cruel and foolish. How many valuable colts and horses have been killed by such foolishness every year it would be difficult to tell. Brother farmers, be sensible on this question and make mooleys of the whole tribe at once.

The best way to hold the cattle is to tie the head down close to the manger, and have a stout man hold the nose, or put in stanchions and do the same.

Meeting of Farmers,

At the New England Agricultural Hall, Ploughman Building, 45 Milk St., Boston, Saturday, Mar. 17, 1888.

[HELD UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN ASSOCIATION.]

IMPORTANT DISCUSSION ON THE SUBJECT:

Improvement of Pastures

Hon. WARREN BROWN Pres. of N. H., State Agricultural Society, leads with an address.

A LIVELY DISCUSSION FOLLOWS, PARTICIPATED IN BY

O. B. HADWEN, AARON N. LOW, EDMUND HERSEY, GEO. T. SAMPSON, A. M. WARD, Mr. CHESEVER And Others.

Mr. BENJAMIN P. WARE Occupies the Chair.

Phonographically Reported expressly for the Mass. Ploughman.

[COPYRIGHT FOR THE SERIES APPLIED FOR.]

The interest in worn-out Pastures called together great numbers in the Agricultural Hall of the *Ploughman* Building, Saturday morning, March 17. Pres. Needham opened the meeting at the appointed hour, and spoke as follows:

Ladies and Gentlemen:—We will come to order. The subject for consideration to-day, as you know, is "The Improvement of our Pasture Lands." You know what that means. You know of how much importance that is to every farmer in Massachusetts and New England. Since my recollection, I have owned a little piece of land in New Hampshire, Vermont and Massachusetts. A great deal of the pasture land, that I once owned in Vermont, has grown up to wood. When that pasture land was in use it was made profitable, and paid as well as any land. The pasture lands on our farms to-day need care, but they have grown up to woods or weeds, that are worse than woods and of less intrinsic value. In my judgment a pasture well cared for bought at a reasonable price, is as valuable property as any man can have, whether it pays a dividend or not. In our town there is always plenty of demand for pasture land, and they get fifty cents a week for each cow for pasturing. I have frequently refused fifty dollars at that rate, and it is as good an investment as any I have made. But how to keep pasture lands in good shape—in good heart—has received a great deal of study and labor. Being obliged to leave the meeting on account of business engagements, it is my great pleasure to call my associate, Mr. Ware, to the chair, who will preside and introduce the subject with remarks of his own.

Remarks of MR. WARE.

Gentlemen:—As has been suggested, the improvement of Pastures is one of very great importance to all New England farmers, and I know of no other subject on which I am made inquiry of so often as how to improve Pastures. I do not know of any subject where the questions could be answered that will be of a fact, that to our New England Pastures, instead of being rich in food, are of no value as Pastures except to give the flock an airing. They are profitable however for the cattle an airing.

In Essex county we don't pretend to get enough from our Pastures without feeding at home. I will relate an incident regarding our Pastures. Many years ago some of our leading men in Essex county were much interested in the sheep industry. Many wealthy merchants had interested themselves in it, and had bought sheep at an immense price. They had heard that a certain plant we call

"Wood-wax" (Wood Waxen

was good for sheep food, and so they imported it as an article of great value for their purpose. It was started in the vicinity of Salem. It proves very valuable for sheep food. In other words, the sheep will eat it rather than die. They will go from one side of the field to the other, and finding nothing else, they will eat that. It is a pretty plant. At the time of the flower, which is yellow, it is a beautiful sight. The fields look yellow as gold. The wood-wax will grow where nothing else will. It has crowded out all the grass. Our Pastures are almost all ledgy hills, impossible to plow. So it is impossible to get rid of wood-wax, as the roots cannot be plowed up. The Pastures are ruined by this English plant that we call wood-wax. I do not suppose that we shall have any improvement in regard to the improving of these Pastures. "Wood-wax" however, when cured and dried, makes a very good bedding; but as a food for sheep and cattle, it is very little need. Many of our Pastures are to-day rocky, ledgy land. The question to-day is, how to improve these Pastures and bring back the nice, sweet verdure, that covered them years ago. Of course we know what has been taken from them, but whether it will pay to restore this by fertilising is a question. I trust that we shall have from my friend such instructions as shall remedy these conditions. I will introduce to you a practical man who thoroughly understands this topic, Hon. Warren Brown, President of the New Hampshire State Agricultural Society.

Address of Hon. WARREN BROWN.

Mr. President and Gentlemen:—This subject which we have under discussion to-day, is a very important one, and one which interests all our New England farmers. Those connected with the ownership of every farm in New England lands set apart for grazing. There is about five months of the year, from the twentieth of May to the twentieth of October, that the animals may find food in the Pastures. These lands embrace every variety, lands that are worthless and those of great value. The Pasture as an important factor of our economy. Successful farmers require them. When you note a man's success, it is safe to say, that that man has got good Pastures. When you see a man who fails, take note of his Pastures. Often you find his Pastures in a state of neglect; the buildings are kept in good order, painted, and in good repair. We find the fields productive and adapted to the best improved machinery, that the garden receives the best of care; but when we come to the Pastures, we find them neglected, and that is the whole secret of his failure. Large tracts are used for Pastures, because there is no other use for it.

What do we Mean by Pastures!

Land that is of no value growing up in wood, that by the use of a little fertilizer, might yield good grain and potatoes. Land that in wet years may yield something of a poor quality, but in dry years it will yield nothing of value. Animals compelled to get a living on that land are exasperated, and when wearied with the attempt, they lie down discouraged. There is no way that such lands can be kept improved. On such worn-out barren lands, I do not recommend any way. Nature never intended them for Pasture lands. They may do well some day what they were made for. Other lands by the rotation of crops, plowed, manured and planted, would make a good yield.

Sown to grass it would yield a considerable value, but as Pasture lands they are far more profitable. As valuable as any way these lands can be treated. Other lands which are stony, so that sheep will have to be tempted in order to get the grass between the rocks, are of no value.

When we speak of Pastures, we mean those devoted to grass, or on which good grass can be raised. Land well fitted to produce our largest crops of hay haven't been plowed for years. In fact, they do not plow their land. Plowing destroys that sod. A single foot of that land contains thirty or forty kinds of grass, and some slow to come in and slow to develop. These lands can be injured almost completely from plowing. I have often seen land ruined for years by that process. I have in my mind land plowed forty years ago. Before that it was rich land. The years ago. Before that it was rich land. The forty years ago. Before that it was rich land. The grass has never plowed up, and for years nothing grew there. Then thistles made some growth. Men and animals had to go around to get through the field. Then sprouts and bushes sprung up themselves. The land will become very rich where thistles grow; they have gone out, and the land is slowly working itself out to its original condition. It will take a long time before it gets to it.

Do not Plow the Pastures, in all Cases.

These lands should never be plowed. If kept clear of bushes and weeds they will be profitable. The worst evil is that these lands will grow up to a noxious and foul growth, covered with Juniper, hardhack, roses, and many kinds of weeds that have no value, and are absolutely injurious. I saw a thousand acres covered with the Running Juniper, no foot of the soil perceptible. It was good land, but neglected. It is one of the easiest things to dispose of in the world. We call it Running Juniper, you may call it something else. It is an easy thing to get rid of. It may be cut up easily. The roots grow in a clump, one single blow of an axe when the ground is frozen, and that is the end of it. It don't start up again. I thought that I started like the willow, but I examined one of those stalks and found my mistake. A good man will do a good deal toward its extermination in a day. I never saw land treated thus to produce much of it afterwards. These will burn, and you can burn them out easily. Set them on fire. Leave the sticks on the ground and burn them. The cutting combined with burning, will produce the desired results. Those you can't get up easily, take the cheapest quality of kerosene oil, and by sprinkling them they will burn easily. There is no reason to have the land covered with Running Juniper, as they are gotten rid of so easily.

Now, there is the hardhack. One or two mowings will turn that out completely. The trouble with the hardhack is, they do not get cut. With the rose-bushes, there is more trouble than anything else, but they can be disposed of by morning. They don't thrive under repeated cuttings. They are somewhat tender. If they are young and the tops are cut off they will die. We had a dry season in 1880 or 1882, and they were completely killed by the effect of the drouth. It seems to be too bad that good land should be covered by these plants that can be killed so easily.

Another thing, is the coming up of scattering wood. Where wood comes up so thinly, that the land is of no value as wood land and ruined as pasture lands. Now the white pine comes up very readily where I live. It does not make timber. It is a wood of poor quality. There is something about white pine that is fatal to grass. Grass is never relished when in the needles of the pine falls. It is neither good for grass or Pasture. It is of no value as wood, and if cut off might allow a good Pasture to be formed. I like to keep the lines distinct between wood land and Pasture land. Many of our Pastures are much injured because this is not done. I do not know how it is this way, but white pine grows so fast as of no value as wood and great damage to the land.

Value of Sheep for Pastures.

Sheep are usually regarded as about as good animals for the improvement of Pastures as anything put upon it. They eat many plants that other animals do not eat. The manure is evenly distributed. There are few Pastures that are not improved by sheep. There are several varieties of sheep kept that are all good. It is well to keep other animals with them, as what is ignored by one kind will be eaten by another. A variety of stock put on at the proper time, and not kept on too late in the Fall, is an improvement for our section of the country.

"Overstocking" of Pastures.

The fact is that most of our Pastures are overstocked. Overstocked to the land. We must not expect stock to do much if put out too early. It is no wonder that Pastures grow poor. What the cattle gather during the day they drop at the barn. The Pasture is worked on for years, it must result in the ruin of our Pastures. While overstocking is a serious damage, there is such a thing as understocking. The growth is not kept down. A colony variety of grass, mixed with weeds and herbage springs up, that they don't eat during the season. In an ordinary season this coarse grass and herbage is reubbed and kept down by gutting on more stock than what it will carry, and supplementing it by feeding in the barn. This is a good plan, and the animals in this way are kept in good condition. They like to some things they would not otherwise, and we get rid of much vegetation not wanted. I once had a small Pasture that I used for sheep, and in this way it improved very much. I worked hard for years without success, but they succeeded in getting it in good condition. I now keep cows in the Pasture for air and exercise.

Value of Bone and Ashes.

I know of no way to improve Pastures, except by the addition of fertilizers, that have been taken out. By the application of bone and ashes to supply the lack. There is much land that no man can improve, but I thought probably you would by the use of bone and ashes. I have mentioned some annoying plants, but there are hosts of other plants. I never knew that the wood-wax was imported as a forage plant. The course we pursue however had any intercourse with other countries. We are continually importing something as a benefit, and we imported this English sparrow, and finding the evil more than the benefit to be a nuisance. We should have had a very good country if they had kept out. I thought that the wood-wax originated in Europe, but it is a fact, that it is all to themselves down there. I never saw it anywhere else.

The Drainage of Pastures.

The matter of drainage is not always profitable. We have many springs that are capable of forming reservoirs for holding the water. If you drain those out, you need not be surprised if somebody's well is all gone. I should never recommend the drainage of Pastures, making them dry, for good feed.

It is better to have some places wet during a great part of the year.

If people would make a beginning on their Pastures, they would soon see how much good a little work would do in clearing up and improving. I know of no place where a little work would do so much good. Say, a day's work with a bush scythe follow by burning, would do much good. The fire would induce grass to come in. Then there would be a chance covered with weeds and scattering wood that should be removed. For a few years we get very valuable results. Many kinds of wood will destroy themselves. The land will become very rich where thistles grow; they have gone out, and the land is slowly working itself out to its original condition. It will take a long time before it gets to it.

Do not Plow the Pastures, in all Cases.

These lands should never be plowed. If kept clear of bushes and weeds they will be profitable. The worst evil is that these lands will grow up to a noxious and foul growth, covered with Juniper, hardhack, roses, and many kinds of weeds that have no value, and are absolutely injurious.

I saw a thousand acres covered with the Running Juniper, no foot of the soil perceptible. It was good land, but neglected. It is one of the easiest things to dispose of in the world. We call it Running Juniper, you may call it something else. It is an easy thing to get rid of. It may be cut up easily. The roots grow in a clump, one single blow of an axe when the ground is frozen, and that is the end of it. It don't start up again. I thought that I started like the willow, but I examined one of those stalks and found my mistake. A good man will do a good deal toward its extermination in a day. I never saw land treated thus to produce much of it afterwards.

Sheep in Pastures.

Now then, I will touch upon sheep as a means of improving Pastures. In my opinion a farmer can keep a sheep with every cow without any additional expense. If he can do that he can get so much more for his money, and it will be a wise act for him to do so. A farmer keeping twenty cows will find he has just as much food if he has kept twenty sheep with them, and they are just as well nourished.

An industry that the New England farmers have neglected, as a rule, is to get and keep a few sheep. They make a great bugbear of dogs, but if sheep are properly cared for and bells put upon them, and they are allowed to run among cattle, there would be far less danger from dogs. I would recommend that for every cow he has the farmer adds a sheep. In this way, at least, he can raise his own mutton. It will be no loss, but a genuine help.

Mr. Ware.—I want to ask you if you really meant to cut your bushes in the old of the moon rather than the new.

The "Old of the Moon."

Mr. Hadwen.—Yes, as a rule, the root depends on the returning sap. If you cut your bushes in the old of the moon in August, you cut off the returning sap. The root receives less nourishment. It will die with greater certainty without this nourishment.

Mr. Ware.—Then what you meant to-day was the latter part of August, was it not, without regard to any influence from the moon?

Mr. Hadwen.—Yes sir, I don't care about the moon.

Mr. Ware.—We have heard graphically from Worcester county. There is a man here from Essex county whom I should like to hear speak from that section, Mr. Aaron N. Low.

Mr. Low.—I don't know as I have much to say in regard to the restoration of Pastures. The Pastures I suppose are meant, are very rocky, hilly land. It is too rocky to plough. I think this land is better to be allowed to grow up white pine. These Pastures that I speak of produce a growth of white pins. A few years ago they were covered with bayberry and barberry bushes. These were ploughed out and it began to germinate a lot of white pine. It seems better to let it grow. It made a handsome, vigorous growth of pine from six to ten inches at the butt. A neighbor of mine about thirty years ago had pastures covered with barberries. It was a general rendesvous for all who wanted to get barberries. He thought it was better to burn the bushes and did so; a vigorous growth of white pine came up. The best way is to burn the bushes and dig out the roots, for when you cut them off you do not kill them. We do not keep a large pasture and I favor letting the wood grow on these rocky fields that must make poor pastures at best.

Mr. Ware.—Mr. Brown spoke of the growth of pine and hemlock taking strength from the pastures. As Dr. Nichols said, forty gallons of milk contains one pound of bone. It takes a great amount of bone from the land where these cattle are fed. This causes these Pastures to be deficient in phosphoric acid and potash. It is we want potash, and bone meal to improve the Pastures. Most of us would look at it some time before applying it to Pastures. This is an important question for us to decide. Shall we fertilise our Pastures?

Mr. Brown.—That would depend upon how valuable the land was. If you can buy pasture land for $10 or $20 per acre, I don't think it would pay. In moist land in valuable locations it might be profitable to use bone and also ashes. The value of the pasture should be first determined. The use of bone and ashes is good when you turn under white clover. There is nothing more valuable than white clover. Even Kentucky blue grass is not so good. I think an application of bone and ashes has a tendency to improve the land and make it as valuable as Pastures can be.

Remarks of EDMUND HERSEY.

Mr. Ware.—We would like to hear from Plymouth County, and from one so well able to give practical information as Mr. Edmund Hersey.

Mr. Hersey.—*Mr. Chairman:* I am sorry that you should have thought best to call upon me at the present time. I did not know what the subject was, but I thought probably you would have some subject well worth listening to, and I have been well paid thus far; probably I should have been better paid if I had not been called upon to say anything myself. My subject with you have under discussion is one of the neglected subjects in agriculture and yet it is very important. I feel that the farmers as a rule fail in taking proper care of the Pastures. What should be done with them must depend very much upon the character of the soil, location and surroundings. All these must be considered. You cannot down any rules that all can safely follow. A rule by which sure will be improved will cause others to suffer. There is a soil which sometimes requires plowing It is a light soil and seems to be much improved by plowing and sowing with rye and grass seed. Farmer had fifteen or twenty acres that had got stony and poor. The growth was slight and the cattle would not eat it. He turned it over and the next year he turned the cattle right in and found it much to their liking. They got good feed.

It is better to have some places wet during a great part of the year.

If people would make a beginning on their Pastures, they would soon see how much good a little work would do in clearing up and improving. I know of no place where a little work would do so much good. Say, a day's work with a bush scythe follow by burning, would do much good. The fire would induce grass to come in. Then there would be a chance covered with weeds and scattering wood that should be removed. For a few years we get very valuable results. Many kinds of wood will destroy themselves. The land will become very rich where thistles grow; they have gone out, and the land is slowly working itself out to its original condition. It will take a long time before it gets to it.

Do not Plow the Pastures, in all Cases.

These lands should never be plowed. If kept clear of bushes and weeds they will be profitable. The worst evil is that these lands will grow up to a noxious and foul growth, covered with Juniper, hardhack, roses, and many kinds of weeds that have no value, and are absolutely injurious.

I saw a thousand acres covered with the Running Juniper, no foot of the soil perceptible. It was good land, but neglected. It is one of the easiest things to dispose of in the world. We call it Running Juniper, you may call it something else. It is an easy thing to get rid of. It may be cut up easily. The roots grow in a clump, one single blow of an axe when the ground is frozen, and that is the end of it. It don't start up again. I thought that I started like the willow, but I examined one of those stalks and found my mistake. A good man will do a good deal toward its extermination in a day. I never saw land treated thus to produce much of it afterwards.

Sheep in Pastures.

Now then, I will touch upon sheep as a means of improving Pastures. In my opinion a farmer can keep a sheep with every cow without any additional expense. If he can do that he can get so much more for his money, and it will be a wise act for him to do so. A farmer keeping twenty cows will find he has just as much food if he has kept twenty sheep with them, and they are just as well nourished.

An industry that the New England farmers have neglected, as a rule, is to get and keep a few sheep. They make a great bugbear of dogs, but if sheep are properly cared for and bells put upon them, and they are allowed to run among cattle, there would be far less danger from dogs. I would recommend that for every cow he has the farmer adds a sheep. In this way, at least, he can raise his own mutton. It will be no loss, but a genuine help.

Mr. Ware.—I want to ask you if you really meant to cut your bushes in the old of the moon rather than the new.

The "Old of the Moon."

Mr. Hadwen.—Yes, as a rule, the root depends on the returning sap. If you cut your bushes in the old of the moon in August, you cut off the returning sap. The root receives less nourishment. It will die with greater certainty without this nourishment.

Mr. Ware.—Then what you meant to-day was the latter part of August, was it not, without regard to any influence from the moon?

Mr. Hadwen.—Yes sir, I don't care about the moon.

Mr. Ware.—We have heard graphically from Worcester county. There is a man here from Essex county whom I should like to hear speak from that section, Mr. Aaron N. Low.

Mr. Low.—I don't know as I have much to say in regard to the restoration of Pastures. The Pastures I suppose are meant, are very rocky, hilly land. It is too rocky to plough. I think this land is better to be allowed to grow up white pine. These Pastures that I speak of produce a growth of white pins. A few years ago they were covered with bayberry and barberry bushes. These were ploughed out and it began to germinate a lot of white pine. It seems better to let it grow. It made a handsome, vigorous growth of pine from six to ten inches at the butt. A neighbor of mine about thirty years ago had pastures covered with barberries. It was a general rendesvous for all who wanted to get barberries. He thought it was better to burn the bushes and did so; a vigorous growth of white pine came up. The best way is to burn the bushes and dig out the roots, for when you cut them off you do not kill them. We do not keep a large pasture and I favor letting the wood grow on these rocky fields that must make poor pastures at best.

Mr. Ware.—Mr. Brown spoke of the growth of pine and hemlock taking strength from the pastures. As Dr. Nichols said, forty gallons of milk contains one pound of bone. It takes a great amount of bone from the land where these cattle are fed. This causes these Pastures to be deficient in phosphoric acid and potash. It is we want potash, and bone meal to improve the Pastures. Most of us would look at it some time before applying it to Pastures. This is an important question for us to decide. Shall we fertilise our Pastures?

Mr. Brown.—That would depend upon how valuable the land was. If you can buy pasture land for $10 or $20 per acre, I don't think it would pay. In moist land in valuable locations it might be profitable to use bone and also ashes. The value of the pasture should be first determined. The use of bone and ashes is good when you turn under white clover. There is nothing more valuable than white clover. Even Kentucky blue grass is not so good. I think an application of bone and ashes has a tendency to improve the land and make it as valuable as Pastures can be.

Remarks of EDMUND HERSEY.

Mr. Ware.—We would like to hear from Plymouth County, and from one so well able to give practical information as Mr. Edmund Hersey.

Mr. Hersey.—*Mr. Chairman:* I am sorry that you should have thought best to call upon me at the present time. I did not know what the subject was, but I thought probably you would have some subject well worth listening to, and I have been well paid thus far; probably I should have been better paid if I had not been called upon to say anything

The Ploughman.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAR. 31, 1888.

☞ Persons desiring a change in the address of their paper must state where the paper has been sent as well as the new direction.

PUBLISHERS' SPECIAL NOTICE.

A discount of fifty cents will be made on all yearly advance payments for the Ploughman, (or $2.00 net) between this date, January 1, and April 1, 1888.

MEETING OF FARMERS.

There will be a meeting of Farmers in the Hall of the *Ploughman* Building, 45 Milk street, Boston, Saturday forenoon, March 31, commencing at ten o'clock. Subject for Discussion: "*Dehorning Cattle.*" Hon. Geo. Y. Johnson, a large cattle ranch operator in Kansas, has consented to lead the discussion with an address. Farmers are requested to invite the ladies of the family to come with them. A large number of experts are expected.

THIS WEEK'S FARMERS' MEETING.

The subject for the meeting Saturday morning, March 31, is "Dehorning Cattle," the mere mention of which is sure to start a tide of enthusiasm that will result in a crowded hall. The gentleman who is to lead the discussion, George Y. Johnson, superintendent of the Department of Agriculture in New Orleans Exposition, and former manager of Kansas State Fair, and owner of a large stock farm near Lawrence, Kansas, who is visiting in the city at this time is thoroughly qualified to speak upon it, having had much practical experience and been very successful in the operations performed. The main feature is that there will be practical demonstrations, that is by means of the heads of animals obtained from butchers for the purpose. Mr. Johnson will perform the operation of dehorning in the presence of the audience.

The subject of dehorning is as exciting in its interests as any new departure known. I, has its advocates and its denouncers, and the *Ploughman* ever ready to lead the van is happy to have the opportunity to give to all the privilege of listening, seeing and judging for themselves. It is probable that leading members of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals will be present to witness the operation, and decide if it is in defiance of humane laws. The meeting will be one that no one can afford to miss, and realizing this the hall will undoubtedly be crowded to its utmost capacity.

EASTER.

Most glorious of all the festivals of the Christian church is that which celebrate the victory of life over death; Glad Easter Day.

"Awake, then wintry earth!
Fling off thy sadness!
Fair ural flowers laugh forth
Your ancient gladness;
Christ is risen."

The dreary sleep and seeming death of winter ends, and from the prison house, life escapes and is hailed with joy.

The day is the same the world over, consequently to the dwellers in some climes it may seem to come too early, but it can be as joyously celebrated there as elsewhere, because of the promise which we know must be speedily fulfilled. The resurrection is the dearest hope man knows. "If a man die, shall he live again?" queried the wise of old, and how comforting was the assurances of Him, who came to bring life and immortality to light.

The soul outgrows its tenement of clay and escapes. Is this death and the end, or life and immortality? Easter says to the Christian heart who mourns the absence of many a loved one to-day: "The dead yet live, and life must be eternal." The death is but a dream, of which life is the reality. It brings sweet comfort to the bereaved, and inspires all with courage to live, as befits an immortal soul that shall rise from all that binds it into eternal life. The frost-king touched the brooks last November and they fell asleep beneath his cool kisses, but to-day the sun smiles down upon them and they wake and dance for joy, as they rush over the pebbles, on their never-ending journey. The November winds sang dirges over withered flowers and falling leaves, but April zephyrs call them back again to dear delightful life. Again the alder shakes her curls, the willow ushers forth the silvery "pussies," the butterfly bursts its silken cells and tries its new-found wings, and birds return from other climes and make the heart glad with their melody and so the world rejoices, and smiles chase away the tears, while the most desolate soul of all catches a bit of cheer as, hand in hand with hope, it hails glad Easter.

"Now to their bright altars are gladdened hearts bringing
Fair buds from the life-growing seed,
And palm-lands and pine lands are joyously singing
The Saviour is risen indeed."

LAST WEEK'S FARMERS' MEETING.

The Farmers' Meeting held last Saturday, in the Agricultural Hall of the *Ploughman* building called together a large number of persons interested in the subject of "Fruit Culture." The meeting was presided over by O. B. Hadwen, Esq. of Worcester, who made a few practical remarks, and introduced the principal speakers, Hon. W. H. Hills of New Hampshire, who spoke understandingly of the "Causes of Failure and Success in Fruit Culture." He referred to the importance of securing good seed, never taking them from the cider mill, where often poor, decayed, diseased fruit was taken, but always selecting from the finest stock obtainable. In planting peach pits he felt sure that the yellow was transmitted. In setting out trees, those should be chosen that have attained quite a growth and then the roots carefully preserved and the top very little mutilated. He thought that it was dangerous to the fruit culture to allow grass to grow beneath the trees, even of an orchard that has been planted ten or fifteen years, He deemed mulching essential but thought as much danger from a too moist as too dry soil. He favored the sinking of drains three feet deep. The complaint that the fruit market is overstocked is erroneous, there is too much poor fruit but not sufficient good fruit. If the grade is made better there will be no difficulty in disposing of the fruit. After Mr. Hills' remarks, which were listened to with great interest throughout, Mr. Hadwen was obliged to leave the meeting and transferred the chair to Mr. Ware, who presided during the meeting. He made some very practical remarks and was followed by Mr. E. W. Wood of Newton, Mr. Sullivan of Revere, Mr. Tapley of Revere, Mr. Warren of Weston, Mr. Fillebrown, Mr. Wyman, James P. King and others. A full phonographic report will appear in next week's *Ploughman*.

A DARK SECRET.

The revelation of "A Dark Secret" that takes place each night at the Globe Theatre draws tremendous audiences. Of all the plays presented at this theatre, this leads all in attractiveness, and the interest awakened is held to the close and then those who go away talk of it to their friends for a long time afterwards. The aquatic scene is something wonderful, realistic and beautiful. The excitement never flags and until the final curtain falls, applause is uproarious and continuous. Manager Stetson may well congratulate himself upon the magnificent success his splendid scheme has attained.

SCHOOL SUPERVISION.

Dear to the hearts of all true Americans is our splendid system of free schools and compulsory education. Upon this foundation the future republic is based. If this is neglected or misused the structure totters and falls, if this is carefully heeded and wrought out, the structure rises in beauty and grandeur, as yet inconceivable.

Certain subtle influences are at work to undermine this, but the patriot ever on the alert has discovered them and will fight them bravely. The warning note was sounded in Gov. Ames' inaugural, and the press and people are forming into line of action now.

The public schools must be the best schools, no private schools must be allowed to equal them, and this must be our jealous care. How can they be improved? It seems to us that this is the best way. Let there be uniformity throughout the State. Let the State, at the head, control the schools beneath this; let there be county superintendents, district superintendents, town superintendents, and finally school committees to carry out this uniform plan. In deciding upon this course, all the best systems of education should be carefully considered, and that adopted, which after mature deliberation, is decided to be best.

There should be uniformity; a boy in Barre,—his natural conditions, of intellect and ability being equal,—should know as much as a boy in Boston at the same age, that is, there should be no distinction between city and country. As families are sometimes forced to move from town to town, they should be able to place their children at once in schools corresponding to those they have left.

Only those who have had experience know how utterly impossible this is now, and how the youth leave school finally, almost as they entered, if obliged to change residence frequently. There should be an end to the appointment or discharge of teachers as suits the whims and caprices of a few men who want votes, by whom schools are given as prizes for the securing of votes. Some definite standard should be required universally by the State Board of Education, and teachers examined by this Board or divisions of it located in each county, and those who succeed in attaining the required percentage, should receive certificates enabling them to teach in any school of the grade for which they are issued throughout the State, without farther examination. Of course these certificates should be issued for a limited time, as there are some who seem determined to "progress backwards," and these would not be competent after a time to fill the places that once they could have taken with credit. Not only the intellectual ability of the applicant, but the physical and above all the *moral* qualities should be carefully considered. Sufficient care in this respect is very rarely exercised to-day, and the re sult is disastrous. The best teachers cannot be obtained until salaries consistent with their ability are offered.

In the country commonly the average teacher receives six dollars a week, and the weeks do not exceed thirty. Think of living on an annual salary of $180! How do they live? By being supported by their families and by writing stories, or performing some kind of literary labor out of school. The pay should be sufficient to secure the full services of the most competent teachers, and this is of serious moment.

It will be an improvement when each day's session of school is shorter, and more outdoor exercise is allowed and required, while the school year more exactly corresponds with the calendar. We are pre-eminently a money-getting people, but "with all thy getting get understanding," is as timely advice to-day as when it was first uttered, and the most precious legacy we can leave our children is a good education. The children are the State's heritage. Let it be the precious trust of the executives of our State to see that the children are thoroughly trained and completely educated. That rich and poor wherever they may be within our borders, have each the priceless benefit of a free liberal education, unbiased by any religious sectarianism, but permeated by the highest conception of our relation to God and to our fellow-men.

To bring about this result let all bend their energies and efforts, and see to it that it surely comes and that it comes soon.

N. E. W. P. A.

The association organized for the purpose of "promoting acquaintance and good fellowship among newspaper men, to elevate the work and the workers, and to forward by concerted action, through the press, such good causes in social, moral and philanthropic lines as may from time to time present themselves," has made its initial letters well known by the grand work of the New England Women's Press Association.

This society has been a genuine working society from the first and has proven thoroughly true to its object. It is composed of sixty-one or more busy, active newspaper women who are not ornamental, but animated by an earnest purpose, see the work to be done, and begin at once to do it. The need of a house and home is very apparent, and this need is daily increasing as its numbers grow and work enlarges.

It was suggested by the busy secretary, Mrs. Estelle M. H. Merrill, (Jean Kincaid) of the Boston Globe, who has the interests of the association thoroughly at heart, that a theatrical benefit might furnish the fund necessary for this. The suggestion was warmly received, and Manager Isaac B. Rich generously placed the Hollis St. Theatre at their disposal, and the afternoon of April 3rd was decided upon for their benefit. Mme. Modjeska, the famous artist, very kindly tendered her services and will give on this occasion something outside of her regular repertoire. There will be other leading attractions, notably Gillette and Helen Potter, and the afternoon of April 3rd will be one of the most delightful known. The tickets will be sold at regular rates, and it is expected that they will be sold even to standing room, as the entertainment will be especially excellent, and the cause is most worthy.

Madame Modjeska received in her charming manner the women of the N. E. W. P. A. last Tuesday afternoon, March 27, at her apartments in the Vendome. Many of the guests carried away sweet memories of one whom they admired at a distance, and whom close acquaintance finds more pleasing, heightened by the fact that the gracious lady presented them with violets, which may serve as a valuable memento.

APRIL FOOL.

All Fools' Day occurs by common consent on the first day of April, and is a occasion for much sport and merriment. The fun is all right if properly conducted, but practical jokes that hurt, or may have a serious termination, should never be tolerated. "It may be fun for you, but it is death to us," said the frogs in the fable, and they speak for many a human being as well as themselves. A joke is well, as it brightens a humdrum life, but it must be adroitly planned. There are sensitive people who cannot well brook injury to their feelings, it would be unwise and unkind to make these victims of a joke; there are nervous people, whom certain pranks that others might relish, would make insane for life or even result in death, these must be carefully avoided. In joking, be careful to keep truth on your side, and omit the leaving of hot cents on the pavement, strings across pathways, or anything that can injure the body or soul of the one upon whom the joke is perpetrated. April Fool candies were quite popular in recent days, but some refuse confections on this day, and pastry and cotton-filled doughnuts are more deceptive. The best of all is, the well-turned joke, as in the case of the letter sent to the late Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, containing the single words, "April Fool." Mr. Beecher quietly put the sheet back into the envelope, and returned it to the writer, with the remark: "I have several times known men to write letters and forget to sign their names, but I never before knew one to sign his name and forget to write the letter."

THE NEW ENGLAND FAIR.

The Trustees of New England Agricultural Society met the Trustees of the Worcester Agricultural Society in convention at No. 45 Milk Street, Boston, on Tuesday, March 27, at eleven o'clock A. M. The Convention was called to order by the Hon. Geo. B. Loring, President of the New England Society, Col. Needham, Secretary of the New England Society, read the call by which it appeared that this meeting was for the purpose of arranging a premium list for the fair to be held at Worcester, Mass., Sept. 4, 5, 6 and 7, 1888. Dr. Loring called attention to the death of Col. S. C. Oliver, for many years a member of this Society, and the following resolution offered by him was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That we have heard of the death of our friend and early associate, Col. Samuel C. Oliver, with great pain and sorrow, and that this society will always bear in grateful remembrance his faithful and enthusiastic services in those days when this organization was founded. His patriotism in the civil war, and his cheerfulness and patience under the long years of suffering, brought upon him by his service on the battle-field, entitle him to our respect and affection as citizens. And the constant and untiring interest he maintained in the pursuits of agriculture entitled him to the regard and esteem of all who were engaged in this industry.

Resolved, That we extend to his family our heartfelt sympathy in the loss they have sustained, and the Secretary is thereby instructed to communicate these resolutions to the friends and family of the deceased.

The premium list was taken up and considered. The several States were well represented by the Trustees of the New England Society, and nine trustees of the Worcester Society, together with the President and Secretary, were present. The trustees subsequently dined together at the Quincy House.

FAST DAY.

The annual day set apart for fasting, humiliation and prayer, has been decided upon by Governor Ames for next Thursday, April 5.

The complaint is made that the day only exists as a farce, but if so, whose fault is it? This is a free country, and men cannot be compelled to fast and pray, even though the request be earnestly made and insisted upon. The people only can make this a reality instead of a farce if they will, and if their will could conform to the request it would be well. There will be those who fast,—those who are ill, and those who cannot obtain food; but with these the day is no exception. There will be those who humble themselves, because of suffering they cannot rise above, and those, who pray devoutly, but only as on other days, and habitually.

If the spirit of fast day could be generally observed, it would be a genuine blessing. The world rushes on forever, and the din deafens and stuns us. If we will remove from this for one day, and with the dawning and throughout its hours, live entirely apart from the world, abstaining from the feasting, that to the American nation means almost the worst form of gluttony, with its attendant dangers; eat only fruits and such simples as life requires, and not that which taste tempts us to indulge in; if we will consider ourselves, our brief stay here, our limited power, our fleeting wealth and transient glory and humble ourselves; if we will devote the day to prayer, to communion with the All-Life, the All-Love, the All-Good, the one God "in whom we live and move, and have our being,"—this day will be the most delightful to look back upon.

THE MAPES MANURES.

The time has long since passed when a farmer can depend for his crops upon an unaided soil, even with the best of seeds. He must fertilize his soil heavily, and take every possible care to provide food for the special crop that he desires to raise. In selecting his fertilizers he can afford to waste no time in experiments. It is too disastrous to tempt failure. He must buy of an old established house, whose analyses are thoroughly reliable and whose fertilizers are exactly adapted for the special uses to which he must put it. He will find all his wants met and his most daring hopes realized in the Mapes Manures. The reliability of this house is thoroughly established, and many are ready to give cordial testimony in regard to the good work accomplished by the Mapes manures. Take for example Mapes Potato Manure. It insures an abundant crop under the most adverse circumstances. In dry seasons when many fertilizers are worthless this does its best work, as the choicest forms of plant food selected and introduced in this mixture are in condition to take effect even with comparatively little moisture. It feeds rather than stimulates. Stimulating foods make great vines, but when the harvest comes there is a decided disappointment. It has been thoroughly tested by eminent agricultural societies and commended in heartiest terms. Again although experimenters have frequently attempted to improve it by mixing something with it of the nature of nitrate of soda, sulphate of ammonia, etc., it has been impossible to improve it. In fact the results were even less satisfactory than before the attempts were made. When it has been tested in comparison with other fertilizers the result has been that it could not "be beat." Stable manure is not at all necessary, and it is specially adapted to the rotation of crops, five crops in five years are grown by the use of one ton of fertilizers. Namely, first year, potatoes, with one ton potato manure, second, wheat, no fertiliser, third, grass, no fertilizer, fourth, grass, no fertilizer, plowed under in the Fall, and fifth, corn (on sod) manured with farm manure, then potatoes again. Oats may be introduced after the potatoes or after the corn. This rotation gives five crops at a very moderate rate. The excellence of the potato manure is true of all their special fertilizers. The Mapes fruit and vine manure is specially adapted to promote a vigorous and luxuriant growth of grapes and strawberries. The fertilizer has a lasting effect on grass, and its use will do much towards restoring worn-out farms and producing large crops, thereby making the farmer's profit large enough to be in every way fully satisfactory.

A RARE CHANCE FOR A YOUNG FARMER.

It is often tritely said that "the place should seek the man," and in this line is this *Good chance for a good farmer*. A four hundred acre farm, near Lawrence, Kansas, is ready to let for a term of years on a share of the proceeds and the sale and increase of stock. There are one hundred head of Shorthorn cattle, twelve head grade Clyde horses and other stock. There are three thousand bearing apple trees, eight and a half miles of fences, two good large barns, a comfortable house and other conveniences, including farm implements and machinery. The owner having other interests claiming his attention for a few years will give a rare opportunity to a first-class man with a family. The best of references as to industry, experience and ability is required. The owner was the State Commissioner at the New Orleans Fair, and Secretary and Manager of the Kansas State Fair for several years, he has himself built up and developed the four hundred acre stock farm, referred to here, and proposes to develop it still farther and to give all the advantages of this new system of profit-sharing to the right man. Address with recommendations, *Massachusetts Ploughman* Office, Boston, Mass.

Editor's Table.

☞ *The Atlantic Monthly for April, 1888*, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., New York, contains "Tone Santo: A Child of Japan. XV.-XVIII. by E. H. House. "English Faith in Art" by Elizabeth Robbins Pennell; "The Aspern Papers" in three parts. Part Second. V.-VII by Henry James; "Turner's Old Temeraire" by James Russell Lowell; "Ferdinand Lassalle, the Socialist" by D. O. Kellogg; "To my Infant Son" by Arlo Bates; "First Crisis of the American Revolution" by John Fiske; "The Marriage Celebration in the United States" by Frank Gaylord Cook; "The Despot of Broomsedge Cove," VII.-VIII. by Charles Egbert Craddock; "Brownell" by Thomas Bailey Aldrich; Mr. Lowell's New Poems; Darwin's Life, etc, which proves it to be a number of marked interest. Yearly subscription $4.00, single number 35 cents.

☞ *The Magazine of Art for April*, Cassell & Co., Limited, 106 Fourth Avenue, New York, has as its frontispiece a fine photogravure after a painting by Luke Filder, called "The Venetians." The opening paper is on "The Language of Line," by Walter Crane treats of Outline. Another suggestive paper is "The National Art and the National Gallery" by James D. Linton. The contents are all very valuable, and it is a fine number. Price $3.50 a year, single number 35 cents.

☞ *Babyland*, for April, D. Lothrop Company, Boston, gives its greeting on its outer cover from as bright a little fellow as the dogloving babies could wish for, while within pussy looks nicely out of glasses at those who love her most. Many other pets speak from the pages to make Babyland as delightful as it ever must be.

☞ *Wide Awake* for April, D. Lothrop Company, Boston, is very bright and charming. Opening with "An Easter Text," by Emilie Poulsson, its pages are filled with interesting, bright, instructive reading, and will be a valued number to the thousands who long have known and prized the Wide Awake. $2.40 a year, single copies, 20 cts.

☞ *Harper's New Monthly Magazine* for April, Harper & Brothers, New York, is as delightful a number as could be conceived. Its opening engraving is from Wordsworth's Sonnet "The Shepherd, looking eastward, softly said". The several articles are richly illustrated and are on topics that will insure their careful reading.

☞ *The Cosmopolitan* for March, Cosmopolitan Publishing Company, New York, has the opening chapters of E. P. Roe's serial novel "Miss 'Lon." Other contributors are Henry T. Finck, May Riley Smith, Julian Hawthorne, Daneke Dandridge, Professor W. G. Sumner, Olive Thorne Miller, Count Leon Tolstoi, Eli Shepard, Wolf Von Schierbrand, Dora Read Gordale, William Henry Bishop, and Anna Vernon Dorsey. $2.00 a year. Singly 20 cents.

☞ *The Popular Science Monthly* for April, edited by W. J. Youman, D. Appleton & Company, New York, presents a score of topics any one of which is well worth the price of the number. Several articles are illustrated, and from the portrait of David Ames Wells with which the volume opens to its close it is well worthy careful attention. Yearly subscription $5.00. Single 50 cents.

☞ *The Pansy* for April, D. Lothrop Company, Boston, will occasion as many sweet thoughts to its readers as the lovely blossom itself awakens in the beholder. $1.00 a year, single copy, ten cents.

☞ *Godey's Ladys' Book* for April, edited by Mrs. Croly (Jenny June), Croly Publishing Company, Philadelphia, is the brightest number yet. Indeed it is wonderful how its lady editor continues to crowd so much into its pages. The subjects treated are adapted to the various wants of its numerous readers, and are all considered in a terse, crisp, bright style that makes them short and to the point and excellent reading. $2.00 yearly.

☞ "Healthy Homes and Foods for the Working Classes," "The Sanitary Conditions and Necessities of School-Houses and School-Life," "Disinfection and Individual Prophylaxis against Infectious Diseases" and "The preventable causes of diseases, injury and death in American manufactories and workshops," etc., are names of four essays published in pamphlet form by the American Public Health Association," Concord, N. H. which are by authors that alone would commend them to thoughtful consideration.

☞ *The Woman's World for April*, edited by Oscar Wilde, Cassell & Co., has for its contributors Ouida, The Countess Martinergo, Cesareseo, Lady Linsday, Madame de Mauchroix, Miss H. R. Keane, Mrs. Harriette Brooke Davies, Miss A. R. Brunston, Miss A. C. Levoy, George Fleming and others. It is finely illustrated, and altogether an attractive number.

☞ *Clark's Outaway Harrow*, Higganum Manufacturing Co., Boston, maintains its standard of excellence, and at this season when farmers are replenishing their stock of books they will find it for their interest to call and examine this well constructed harrow. See advertisement in another column.

☞ At this season it is an excellent time to buy a fine farm, and in another column one is described that is sure to meet the wants of some sensible person who knows that "New England is good enough for him," and is ready to avail himself of such a rare chance to purchase 337 acres of excellent land, very desirably located within eight miles from Lawrence, and seven miles from Lowell, in Pelham, New Hampshire, as is spoken of at length in another column.

☞ *Agricultural Education* by Henry H. Goodell, President of the Mass. Agricultural College, issued in a pamphlet form will be read with eager interest as the people are wakening to the fact that of all classes the agriculturists specially needs to be carefully educated.

☞ *Royal Baking Powder Co.*, 106 Wall St., New York, call attention to the absolute purity of their goods, to their unvarying quality, strength and wholesomeness. It is more economical then the ordinary, and is sold only in cans. See advertisement in another column.

☞ *Forbes Lithograph Company*, 181 Devonshire Street, Boston, are always ready to furnish lithographs, albertypes, photo-lithographs and diplomas. A visit to their rooms will furnish much valuable information. See advertisement in another column.

☞ The three R's brought Regret, Reproach and Remorse to a great political party in 1884. The three P's, when signifying Dr. Pierce's Pargative Pellets, bring Peace to the mind, Preservation and Perfection of health to the body.

—Over a hundred boats were either driven ashore, capsized or sunk in Chesspeake Bay during the late storm. The loss of life was great.

To promote digestion, and for use as a stomachic, after the mid-day meal, Ayer's Cathartic Pills have no equal.

—Twenty-five or thirty eels were discovered by workmen upon digging up a water main in Quincy, recently.

People with thin heads of hair should use Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer to make the hair grow out thick, healthy and strong.

—The number of Sunday school scholars in the Christian world is estimated at 16,447, 990.

BARTHOLDI'S GREAT WORK.

The statue of Liberty enlightening the world, which stands on Bedloe's Island, in the harbor of New York, is one of the most sublime artistic conceptions of modern times. The torch of the goddess lights the nations of the earth to peace, prosperity and progress, through Liberty. But "liberty" is an empty word to the thousands of poor women enslaved by physical ailments a hundredfold more tyrannical than any Negro. To such sufferers Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription holds forth the promise of a speedy cure. It is a specific in all those derangements, irregularities and weaknesses which make life a burden to so many women. The old medicine sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. See guarantee printed pon wrapper enclosing bottle.

—April 19 has been designated as Fast Day by Governor Marble of Maine.

It they were not reliable and effective, people would not use so many of them—*Hop Plasters.*

—The Sullivan and Mitchell fight resulted in a draw after thirty-nine rounds. Both are still alive. That is all.

The peculiar purifying and building up powers of Hood's Sarsaparilla make it the very best medicine to take at this season.

—Wonder if they heard anything about the snow blockade here away "out West." Have you heard any-one there turn the blizzard joke on the Easterners?

☞ For coughs, colds and consumption use the old Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam, Cutler Bros. & Co. nov12-13t-eow

—A new culvert at a cost of $400 would have saved $400,000 damages to the Toledo, Peoria and Western railroad by averting the Chatsworth disaster. Is the lesson yet learned?

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physcian, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 *Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.* Oct15 13t eow

The longest English word, as yet discovered, contains twice as many letters as there are in the alphabet. It is Methylbenzomethoxyethylethrahydropyridineoarboxylate.

Wasted Lives

are seen all around. This should not be so. All can get on well if they will but look out for the good chances which are offered. Those who take hold of our new line of business can make $1 per hour and upwards, easily and pleasantly. You can do the work and live at home. Both sexes, all ages. We start you free, and put you on the road to fortune. No special ability or training required. Any one can do the work. Write at once and learn all; then should you not conclude to go to work, no harm is done. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, March 26, by Rev. Brooke Herford, G. A. Burleigh of Boston to Miss Lizzie C. Burleigh of Franklin, N. H.

In Newburyport, March 21, by Rev. F. K. Stratton, Mr. Perley Hopkinson to Miss Sadie C. Norton, both of Newburyport.

DEATHS.

In this city, March 22, Dr. Nicholas N. Noyes, 83 yrs.

In this city, March 23, Edwin Noyes of Waterville, Me.

In this city, March 20, Joshua W. Hodsdon, 82 yrs.

In Dorchester, March 23, of paralysis, Miss Tabitha Hunt Clough, 85 yrs.

In Taunton, Mass., March 21, John William Bacon, 69 yr.- 8 mon.

In Quincy Point, March 22, Eleanor B. wife of S. E. Johnson, 66 yrs.

In Jacksonville, Fla., Mrs. Sarah A. Lyman of Boston, 61 yrs.

In Roxbury, March 23, Geo. A. Taylor, 60 yrs. 6 mon.

In Framingham, March 21, Increase Sumner Wheeler, 88 yrs.

In Lynn, Hannah P., daughter of the late John P. Kettell.

In Medford, March 23, of pneumonia, Eliza M. Downes, 61 yrs.

In Brookline, March 24, Lucy A. Potter, 60 yrs. 6 mos. 11 dys.

In Taunton, March 23, Asenath, wife of Stephen L. Kimball.

In Medford, March 21, Martha R. Mitchell, 62 yrs.

In Somerville, March 21, Mrs. Eunice B. Hartwell, 90 yrs. 10 mos.

In North Scituate, March 26, Miss Clarissa Cushing, 78 yrs.

In Concord, Mass. March 19, Laura A. White, 39 yrs.

In New Vineyard, Me., March 20, James Hall, 75 yrs. 4 mos.

FARMERS!

BEFORE YOU BUY, GET OUR SPECIAL PRICE LIST OF

RELIABLE TESTED SEEDS.

Very low prices for as fine quality Seeds as you can buy.

Extra Early Peas—Alaska, Hill's, Maud S., Daniel O'Rourke, McLean's, etc.
Onion Seed—Our true Yellow Globe, Danvers' Unsurpassed.
Cabbage Seed—Alley's Deep Head, Fottler's Brunswick, Stonemason, etc., etc.
Best Seed—Edmands', The Lenix, Dewing's, Eclipse, Egyptian, etc., etc.

The above we have of EXTRA FINE STRAINS. Do not fail to send for our price list.

R. & J. FARQUHAR & CO.,
16 & 19 South Market St., Boston.

921-52wow

Cattle Markets.

BRIGHTON AND WATERTOWN

Reported expressly for the Mass. Ploughman.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING March 31, 1888.
Amount of stock at market—

	Beeves.	Sheep.	Shoats.	Fat Hogs.	Veal.
This week	2,356	12,000	93	13,000	923
Last week	2339	11,700	77	11,467	909
One yr ago.	1625	9,032	70	13,284	708

Horses . . . 691

Prices on Northern Cattle.

Beef.—Per 100 lbs. on total weight of hide, tallow and meat, extra, $6 50@6 75; first quality, $6@6 35; second quality, $5 50@5 75; third quality, $5@5 25; a few choice single pairs, $7 00@7 50; some of the poorer bulls, &c., $4 00@4 50.

Working Oxen.—$ pair $200@$155; handy steers $60@$110 or much according to their value for beef.

Cows and Young Calves.—Fair quality, $23@$32; extra, $40@$45; farrow and dry, $18@$22. Fancy Milch Cows, $60@$75.

Stores.—Thin young cattle for farmers—yearlings, $6 50@$15; two-year-olds, $16@$25; three-year-olds, $30@$35.

Sheep.—Per lb, live weight, 3½@4 cents; extra, 4½@4¾c. Sheep and Lambs, ℔ head, in lots, $2 50@5 50. Lambs, 5½@7c.

Fat Hogs.—Per lb, 6 cents live weight; Shotes, wholesale, @ c; retail, 8@9c; Northern dressed 6@7c.

Veal Calves.—4½@4¾c ℔ lb.

Hides.—Brighton, 6½@6 c ℔ lb; country lots, 6@ c.

Calf Skins.—6@ c.

Tallow.—Brighton, 3 @4 c ℔ lb; country lots, 1@3 c.

Lamb Skins.— c @ c each; dairy skins 15@25c; Pelts, $1@$1.25; country lots, $1@$1.35.

Sheared skins, 10@15c each.

CATTLE AND SHEEP FROM SEVERAL STATES.

	Beeves.	Sheep.		Beeves.	Sheep.
Maine	267	6	New York	77	
N. Hampshire	93	667	E I & Conn	9	
Vermont	114	221	Western	1294	5,600
Massachusetts	181	942	Canada		
			New Brunswick		
Total				2,026	7,356

CATTLE AND SHEEP BY RAILROAD.

	Beeves.	Sheep.		Beeves.	Sheep.
Fitchburg	940	1855	Eastern	257	6
Lowell	70	122	Old Colony		
Boston & Alb.	667	5,400	Old Fit & Boston	83	
Old Colony			Boston & Me.		
Total				3,026	7,356

Droves & Drovers.	Cattle.	Sheep.
Maine.		
P W Thompson & Son	10	
A B Foss	13	
C H Merrill	15	
A J Libby	16	
J C Libby & Son	15	
D Libby	5	
B W Harriman	8	
S S Greley	3	
L B Hornton	4	
C H Morrill	2	
F H Coolidge & Son	40	
W W Hall	16	
Gilmore & Weston	16	
Trafton & Ward well	34	
Allen Bros	18	
F L Churchill	32	
New Hampshire.		
C Hooper	106	
J S Nason	16	
A S Moulton	29	1
Aldrich & Johnson	30	
Brock & Wood	18	409
Vermont.		
A A Pond	7	
J B Remick	12	
M G Flanders	80	
W G Townsend	3	
B S Hastings		12
W Hooker & Son	4	
F S Kimball	7	31
A Williamson	18	
W L Ingram	13	
Whipple & Farnham	5	49
J Carroll	9	
Rob French		
agent	39	100
Massachusetts.		
J S Henry	126	786
Scattering	50	
W H Hardwell	2	176
W Melloy	5	
New York.		
W Blakemore	13	
W Scollans	65	
Western States.		
M Goldsmith	214	
J A Hathaway	245	
J Hollinger	107	
Hollis & Co		5,200
Farrell & Nagle		200
W H Mansfield	221	
A N Monroe	187	

STORE PIGS AND FAT HOGS.

But little doing in Store Pigs and hardly 100 head on sale. Rates offered 5½c for 3@ lb, or $5 to $6 ℔ head. Not any change noticed in Fat Hogs. The ruling rates at 6 to 6¼c live weight, which has been the price for a number of weeks, they do not vary over 10c ℔ cwt. from week to week.

LIVE POULTRY.

A few hundred pounds on sale and the price still at 12c ℔ lb for mixed lots.

CHICAGO, March 26.—Flour dull and steady; winter wheat at $2 80@4 25; spring do at $1 75@4 25. Rye flour at $2 70@3 10. Wheat strong; No. 2 spring, 75½@76c; No. 2 red, 81c. Corn higher; No. 2 at 49½c. Oats higher; No. 2 at 27½@28c. Rye —No. 2at 58@59c. Barley—No. 2 at 77@81c.

MILWAUKEE, March 26.—Flour firm. Wheat stronger at 74c. Corn dull; No. 3 at 45½c. Oats firmer; No. 2 white, 35½c. Rye higher; No. 1 at 56½c. Barley weaker; No. 2, 76c.

CHICAGO, March 26.—Cattle—Receipts, 7,000 head; shipments, 2,000; market opened stronger closing off; steers, $3 20@5 00; stockers and feeders, $2@3 70; cows, bulls and mixed at $1 90@3 40; Texas-fed steers at $2 25@4 00. Hogs—Receipts, 18,000 head; shipments, 7,000; market weak and lower; mixed at $5 15@5 45; heavy, $5 30@5 60; light at $5 10@5 45; skips at $3 50@5. Sheep—Receipts, 4,000 head; shipments, 800; market slow and a shade lower; natives at $4 50@6; Western at $5 25@6 05; Texans, $4@4 50; lambs, $5 50@6 50.

FLOUR AND GRAIN MARKET.

BOSTON FLOUR AND GRAIN.

The flour market continues in about the same condition, a fair amount of orders being taken by agents, but generally at considerably below outside prices. Spot supplies are light, and goods here will command full figures. Cornmeal is firm. Corn is a shade firmer. Oats are quiet, but at the close prices were a shade firmer. Fancy oats are firm. Millfeed is quiet, with prices about steady.

Flour.—Fine at $2 50@3 00 ℔ bbl; superfine at $2 75@3 25; extra and seconds at $3 00@3 90; Minn. bakers, clear and straight, $4 10@4 65; Michigan stone at $4 10@4 50; winter wheat, straight and roller at $4 30@4 75; winter patents at $4 75@5 10; spring patents, prime at $4 70@5 25; Canada superior, for export at $4 10@4 50; c. b. l.; Canada rollers, for export at $4 30@4 40, f. o. b.; Canada extra patent for export at $4 50@4 60 f. o. b.; cornmeal, choice kiln dried, for export at $2 ℔ bbl; cornmeal ℔ bag, $1 20@1 22; choice granulated cornmeal, $3 20@3 40 ℔ bbl. Rye flour, $3 75@4 00. Oatmeal, $5 80 for fine and $6 50@6 60 for cut.

Corn.—High mixed, nominal, 65@65½c; steamer yellow, 64½@64¾c; steamer mixed do, 64@64½c; good no grade do, 63@63½c.

Oats.—Choice to fancy clipped, 44@45½c; choice barley and No. 1 white at 43@44c; No. 2 white at 42@43½c; No. 3 white at 41½c; No. 1 mixed at 41½c; No. 2 mixed at 41c.

Rye.—Quiet and jobbing in a small way at 74@76c ℔ bush for new No. 1 New York.

Millfeed.—Bran at $21 50 ℔ ton in sacks for spring, with wheat at $22 75; middlings in sacks at $22@23 ℔ ton; cottonseed meal in sacks at $24 50 ℔ ton@25 ℔ ton for prime on spot, and $24 for new meal to arrive.

The above prices for all grain excepting Rye, represent carload lots.

BOSTON PROVISION MARKET.

Pork holds very steady and unchanged. Trade is good and prices firm. Lard is quiet. Hams and other smoked meats are firmer and higher. There is an excellent demand for these for export, while the local trade is not so large as it might be. The light receipts in Chicago has helped strengthen the market. There is no change to note in beef. The market is firm and prices steady. Fresh beef is not very firm, and the market is in buyers' favor. The receipts continue large, while the demand is only moderate.

NO CHEATING THE PLANT.

It is easy to make fertilizers that will analyze high in the laboratory, by using inferior sources of plant food which are difficult of detection by the chemist, but there is no cheating the plant. If the food is not available and acceptable, the plant tells the story very quickly by a stunted and unsatisfactory growth; hoed crops, especially potatoes and vegetables, may not only start promptly, but must grow *continuously* during the first sixty or ninety days of growth. With the weather and other conditions have been of a fair average, we think we can truly say that the Stockbridge Special Manures have always stood the test of the field, not only starting crops promptly, but backing them up throughout the season and producing a yield and quality such as the above picture on the right fairly illustrates.

BOWKER FERTILIZER CO.,
43 Chatham St., Boston, Mass.

Mar31-4t

UNRIVALED

THE BAY STATE FERTILIZER!

It seems to us that no BETTER PROOF IS REQUIRED as to the SUPERIORITY of our BAY STATE FERTILIZER, than to know that farmers are using more of it each year, and all express themselves PERFECTLY SATISFIED with the RESULTS OBTAINED. It has been tested in CAREFULLY CONDUCTED EXPERIMENTS for FOUR YEARS, and the AVERAGE of CROPS PRODUCED on it have been DECIDEDLY IN ITS FAVOR. We ask you to give it a thorough trial and we GUARANTEE ITS QUALITY equal to if not BETTER THAN PREVIOUS YEARS. Goods of cheaper grade furnished on application at prices to correspond with grade, BUT WE WILL NOT REDUCE THE GRADE OF OUR BAY STATE FERTILIZER. Our Odorless Lawn, Garden and Plant Fertilizer is worthy your attention. Sample. Also, Florist Hand Book and Almanac mailed on receipt of six two cent postage stamps.

CLARK'S COVE GUANO CO.
NEW BEDFORD, MASS.
MANUFACTURERS OF THE BAY STATE FERTILIZER.

Warranted Seed. I have founded my business on the belief that the public are anxious to get their seed directly from the grower, having a large proportion of my seed enables me to warrant its freshness and purity, as see my Vegetable and Flower Seed Catalogue for 1888, FREE for every son and daughter of Adam. It is liberally illustrated with engravings made directly from photographs of vegetables grown on my seed farms. Besides an immense variety of standard seeds, you will find in it some valuable new vegetables not found in any catalogue. As the original introducer of the Eclipse Beet, Burbank and Early Ohio Potatoes, Hubbard Squash, Deadhead Cabbage, Corry Corn, and a score of other valuable vegetables, I invite the patronage of the public.
JAMES J. H. GREGORY, Marblehead, Mass.

GREGORY'S SEED CATALOGUE 1888

Jan7 4tcow

PLANTS SEEDS BULBS SMALL FRUITS WITH NOVELTIES STRAWBERRIES CATALOGUE 90 PAGES FOR FARMERS AND MARKET GARDENERS
C.E. ALLEN, BRATTLEBORO VT.

mar31

POULTRY FOOD!
SOMETHING NEW!
Canned Meat for Poultry!
Fruits, fresh as new fresh meat carefully cooked, ground fine, and hermetically sealed, will keep an indefinite time until opened. Convenient and economical. Especially adapted for fattening fowls. Before grinding fine, it can be readily mixed with the soft food, and fed so as to give each fowl an equal share. Price, per can, 30c per doz. Address,
Hollis Dressed Meat and Wool Co.,
20 North St., Boston, Mass

WANTED.
We are wanting a large force of SMART and INTELLIGENT MEN to travel and take orders for Trees, Shrubs, Vines, &c., Salary, Expenses Paid.
T. CANNON & CO., Worcester, Mass.

Valuable Farm for Sale
IN PELHAM, N. H.
87 ACRES all in one body; most desirable; well fenced and watered; well cultivated; has been used as the "Home Farm" for several years past. All good land, but one lot of about 20 acres; as the "Home Farm" for several years past. All good land, but one lot of about 20 acres; the best of mowing; the rest of under growth of pine which can be cut off, leaving a good pasture. The entire farm is well fenced in by a good substantial stone wall, painted and clapboarded. A never failing spring of water, conveyed to the buildings by means of aqueduct and hydraulic ram. The yard yields 100 barrels of Baldwin apples in a year. Two barns—one 40 by 60, 1½ stories high, the other, 36 by 36, 2 stories high. There are twenty acres of wood on the farm within the past year. The place is adapted to be run as a summer resort; high and magnificent scenery; five distant cities can be seen in four of the directions. The whole will be sold on easy terms. Address W. W. Marston, Esq., Lowell, Mass., or GEO. H. BURNHAM, Equitable Building, Providence, R. I.

Mar31-4t

ABORTION IN COWS, SURE CURE.
Circulars giving full information sent free on application to
DOLE FERTILIZER CO.
120 COMMERCE ST., BOSTON.
mch29-13t

REPAIRS ANY PART for any Mowing Machine, Horse Rake, Plow or Lawn Mower. Show this to your Hardware Dealer or send us, express paid, the broken part to be duplicated. Catalogues free.
The Whitman & Barnes Mfg Co.,
dec14-52t BOSTON, MASS.

HARD WOOD ASHES. Car loads landed direct from Canada. Analysis and quality guaranteed. Send for circular giving all particulars to WM. E. FYFE & CO. Importers, CLINTON, MASS.
feb11-13t

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT
FOR INTERNAL — AND — EXTERNAL USE.
Cures Diphtheria, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Neuralgia, Pneumonia, Rheumatism, Bleeding at the Lungs, Hoarseness, Influenza, Hacking Cough, Whooping Cough, Catarrh, Cholera Infantum, Dysentery, Diarrhœa, and Cholera. Every bottle contains information of very great value. Everybody should have this book, and those who send for it will ever after thank their lucky stars.
Pamphlet, to all who send their address on this line.
Prepared only by DR. S. H. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists.
THE MOST WONDERFUL FAMILY REMEDY EVER KNOWN.
nov24-52t

"DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS LOADED."

The young man fell dead!
A friend had pointed a revolver at him.
"He didn't know it was loaded!"

We often hear it stated that a man is not responsible for what he does not know. The law presupposes knowledge and therefore convicts the man who excuses crime by ignorance!

"If I had only known" has often been an unfortunate man's apology for some evil unknowingly wrought, but in a matter of general interest—as for instance that laudanum is a poison, that naptha is a deadly explosive that blood heavily charged with a winter's accumulation of the waste of the system,—it is one's duty to know the fact and the consequences thereof. Our good old grandmothers knew for instance, that the opening of the spring was the most perilous period of the year.

Why?

Because then the blood stream is sluggish and chilled by the cold weather, and if not thinned a good deal and made to flow quickly and healthfully through the arteries and veins, it is impossible to have good vigor the rest of the year. Hence, without exception, what is now known as Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla, was plentifully made and religiously given to every member of the family regularly through March, April, May and June. It is a matter of record that this prudential, preventive and restorative custom saved many a fit of sickness, prolonged life and happiness to a vigorous old age, and did away with heavy medical expenditures.

Mrs. Maggie Kerchwal, Lexington, Ky., used Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla "for nervous and sick headache of which I had been a sufferer for years. It has been a great benefit to me." Capt. Hugh Harkins, 1114 S. 15th St. Philadelphia, Pa., says "it purified my blood and removed blotches from my skin." Mrs. Aaron Smith, Topton, Berks Co., Pa., says she "was entirely cured of a skin disease of the worst kind," by Log Cabin Sarsaparilla. Bad skin indicates a very bad condition of the blood.

If you would live and be well, go to your druggist to-day and get Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla and take no other—there's nothing like it or as good,—and completely renovate your impaired system with this simple, old-fashioned preparation of roots and herbs.

Warner, who makes the famous Safe Cure, puts it up, and that is a guarantee of excellence all over the known world. Take it yourself and give it to the other members of the family, including the children. You will be astonished at its health-giving and life-prolonging powers. We say this editorially with perfect confidence, because we have heard good things of it everywhere, and its name is a guarantee that it is first class in every particular.

—The West End Railway company has been granted a cable system at Cambridge.

THE FIVE SISTERS.

There were five fair sisters, and each had an aim—
Flora would fain be a fashionable dame;
Scholarly Susan's selection was books;
Coquettish Cora cared more for good looks;
Anna, ambitious, aspired after wealth;
Sensible Sarah sought first for good health.
So she took Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and grew healthy and blooming. Cora's beauty quickly faded; Susan's eyesight failed from over-study; Flora became nervous and fretful in striving after fashion, and a sickly family kept Anna's husband poor. But sensible Sarah grew daily more healthy, charming and intelligent, and she married rich.

READ AND RUN.

—Hon. Chauncy M. Depew has insured his life for $500,000.

—It is estimated by an experimenced guide, that there are yet in the Adirondacks, 60,000 deer, 2,000 bears and 100 wolves.

—A man in York, Penn., has a brass clock nearly 150 years old, that has not stopped for fifty years and keeps correct time.

—William Watts who was recently buried at Burlington, Kansas, hated women and cook stoves, and would have neither where he was.

—An Italian greyhound six months old is the smallest dog in Gloucester. He is eleven inches long and weighs one pound and eleven ounces. He is owned by Thomas King.

—Nine dogs, seven cats, eight canaries, two white mice, and a monkey are owned by a man in Blossburg, Penn., who, though poor, is bound to have fun.

—Sheridan, Terry, Howard and Sherman are the four only living men who have received the thanks of Congress by joint resolution.

—The equinoctial storm was on time this year.

—Gov. Ames proclaims Thursday, April 5, as a day for Fasting and Prayer in Massachusetts.

—Members of the New England Woman's Press Association have sent a petition to Congress in favor of the International copyright.

—The West is enduring another blizzard but we of the East can sympathize with them now.

—The services of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain in negotiating the fisheries treaty were appreciated so that a baronetcy was offered him. He declined the honor.

—The decision to waste one's own time does not include the right to steal another's.

—Last year more than ten thousand people were cremated in Japan.

—A bit of cotton wool placed over the mouth and lips will enable one to penetrate thick smoky places with ease.

—A heavy snow storm is said to be raging in Paris.

—It has been decided by the Postmaster-General that the Atchison road must carry the mails.

—The volcano of Popocatapetl is renewing its violent disturbances.

—William Race, proprietor of Bellemead Farm near Bound Brook, New Jersey, was foully murdered while caring for his cattle in the barn March 17. The murderer is unknown.

—The Americans of the City of Mexico, gave a banquet to Gen. Bragg, the new United States minister, March 21.

—A vein of coal thirty inches thick was struck in Hutchinson, Kansas, March 18, at a depth of 480 feet. Strikes are now in order.

—Josef Hofmann, the wonderful young pianist, sails for Europe on the 28th day of March.

—The ice in Moultonboro' Bay, New Hampshire, is said to be twenty-four inches thick.

—At Calvary Cemetery, New York, one hundred and thirty bodies were received for burial March 16. The storm had delayed their funerals.

—Amateur photographers and amateur artists took many different views of different places during the great storm of last week.

—In the eighteen months just closed the Irish National League in America has sent $120,000 to Ireland.

—Artificial silk is successfully produced by a French workman.

—One of the conspicuous memorials of Richmond known as Lumpkin's Jail, an old slave pen, is being torn down.

—The wife of a Virginia gentleman is said to possess the finest solitaire diamond ear jewels in Washington.

—There is great need of a personal pronoun of the common gender. It is proposed to make it, nominative "se," possessive "sis," and objective "sim." For example, "Each pupil may take sis seat.

—James Allison, who at the age of fifty is an inmate of the Philadelphia almshouse, though once a popular merchant in Ireland, has just fallen heir to $150,000. Life has many changes.

—More girls than rats have already suffered from "Hough on rats."

—The German population in New York is stated as 350,000.

—Lace is supplying the use of artificial flowers in England.

Children cry for PITCHER'S CASTORIA

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria,

mch24 1041

The Kemp Manure Spreader

Will do MORE WORK and BETTER WORK than any other Farm Machine yet invented.

No farm investment will pay such quick and such large returns as to buy a Kemp Spreader.

It helps the small farmer as much in proportion as the large farmer, the poor farmer as much as the rich farmer. Do not argue that because you are in debt you cannot afford to buy one. The Kemp Spreader will help you lift the mortgage from your farm by making the manure pile go further, increasing the crop and by hurrying along the spring work, and enabling you to apply manure at the right time to insure the greatest benefits. Send for Illustrated Circulars. Manufactured by

THE RICHARDSON MANUFACTURING COMPANY,
WORCESTER, MASS.
feb18-4t

The Kemp Manure Spreader
Is on exhibition and for sale at
JOSEPH BRECK & SONS,
51, 52, and 53 NORTH MARKET ST.,
BOSTON, MASS.
mar3-2t

CUMBERLAND BONE CO.,
Office 2 1-2 Union Wharf,
PORTLAND, -- MAINE.
MANUFACTURERS OF
CUMBERLAND SUPERPHOSPHATE,
A complete manure for all crops. Prompt to start and sure to stimulate and maintain throughout the season.

Seeding Down Fertilizer,
A rich article for grass and grain, with vigor to start crops and strength to maintain them for a continued succession of years.
mar10-4t

JOSEPH BRECK & SONS BOSTON, MASS.
EVERYTHING FOR FARM GARDEN AND LAWN
Established 1822
SEND your address, with 10 cents, and secure our GARDENERS' GUIDE AND ANNUAL CATALOGUE, containing 230 pages, hundreds of illustrations, several artistic colored plates, also a COUPON GOOD FOR 10 CENTS at any time in payment for goods. Our SPECIAL OFFERS on the BEST Vegetable and Flower Seeds, Plants, Agricultural Implements etc., that the WORLD affords will astonish and please you.
JOSEPH BRECK & SONS, BOSTON, MASS.
mar24-2t

- 1888 - DARLING'S HIGH GRADE FERTILIZERS. - 1888 -
Made from Bones, Blood, Meat, and the highest grade Chemicals. They are fine and dry, and
AS CROP PRODUCERS, ARE WITHOUT SUPERIOR.
Every farmer should send at once for our New Circular, as it contains information of positive benefit to him.

DARLING'S PURE FINE BONE
be best on the market. We have a full line of Chemicals. Prices furnished on application. Our reputation of over 25 years, is a *sure guarantee of our reliability.*

L. B. DARLING FERTILIZER CO.
PAWTUCKET, R. I.
Agents in Boston, C. H. THOMPSON & CO., and PARKER & WOOD.
mar10-3t

Prof. Cooke's "New Departure."

The statement which has appeared in these columns, that by a recent investigation of Prof. Cooke, Director of the Vermont Experiment Station, the "S—— MANURES WERE FOUND TO CONTAIN THE LARGEST PERCENTAGE OF THEIR NITROGEN (AMMONIA) IMMEDIATELY AVAILABLE OF ANY SOLD IN THE STATE" is misleading.

The object of this investigation was to determine what PROPORTION of the nitrogen in the various fertilizers sold in Vermont was "*immediately available.*" The results of the tests made by Prof. Cooke, and published in Bulletin No. 5, gave the percentage of "*immediately available*" nitrogen in the S—— MANURES as 83, while BRADLEY'S PHOSPHATE and BRADLEY'S POTATO MANURE contained 86 per cent. of their nitrogen "*immediately available.*" As ALL the nitrogen in ammonia salts and nitrates is "IMMEDIATELY AVAILABLE," this investigation had to do principally with ORGANIC NITROGEN. In this examination BRADLEY'S PHOSPHATE and BRADLEY'S POTATO MANURE were found to contain the *highest percentages* of their organic nitrogen "*immediately available,*" (and, therefore, the *smallest* percentages of *unavailable* or *inert* organic nitrogen) of any fertilizers sold in the State.

This investigation by Prof. Cooke well illustrates the *high grade* of BRADLEY'S FERTILIZERS both as to the *value* and *quality* of their plant-food ingredients, as indicating *their crop-producing powers.*

BRADLEY FERTILIZER CO., BOSTON.
mar31-2t

BLUINE NO FREEZE Glass-in-Dust NEVER Settles, Spills or Spatters. 50 per Cent. cheaper and better than any other blueing. 1 Doz. sents in package for 10c. Samples Free of Grocers or by mail of the BLUINE MFG CO., West Acton, Mass.
mar10-4t

WANTED -- A GOOD FARMER
To take Charge of a Good Fruit and Stock Farm of
400 ACRES IN KANSAS.
Address with References,
C. Y. J. Ploughman Office.
mar31-1t

—Bermuda exports great numbers of Easter lilies. 4,000 lately arrived on one steamer.

—The Town Council of Syracuse, Kansas, is composed exclusively of women, and their work is much praised.

—The United States Supreme Court has decided in favor of the Bell Telephone Company.

—The American Ice Company in Bangor has been organized with a capital stock of a million dollars.

—The Union Pacific Road is seriously troubled with washouts at two or three places on the line.

—Samuel B. Gray, of Bow, New Hampshire, has sold his apple crop of last season for $300.

—Pembroke Academy, New Hampshire, has sixty-one students.

—Six species of North American birds have become extinct within the last ten years, and the blame is put upon the English sparrow. That's right, "Hit him, he has no friends." But how about the sportman's havoc and the spoils of the milliner, or the schoolboy's stone.

—A Texas stock company recently paid $79,000 damages, by court decision, for selling a lot of mules infected with glanders.

—Ice cream and strawberry festivals are now common in Florida.

—A thousand Iowa women own and personally attend to their farms.

—In parts of Brazil emancipation is progressing rapidly.

—One million boxes of raisins will probably be produced at Fresno, California, this season.

—The season for Florida oranges will last but two or three weeks longer.

HOUGHTON FARM,
HOLSTEIN CATTLE.
SIXTH SEMI-ANNUAL SALE
At Auction,
Will be held WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY,
APRIL 11 and 12,
On the Fair Grounds, Worcester, Mass.
The entries comprise a choice selection of stock of all ages, from the best New England herds, including choice selections from the most noted milk and butter strains of Holstein-Friesians, embracing the Aaggie, Netherland, Keyes 6th, Banjo, Walter Scott, Billy Boelyn, Mercedes, and other families. For catalogues, Address
F. L. HOUGHTON,
Putney, Vt.

SLIM PERSONS
and all who are reduced in weight from overwork, nervousness, excessive care or severe mental strain, will have no difficulty in gaining flesh and general health if they take
MAGEE'S EMULSION
regularly according to directions. This we guarantee without any hesitation, as we have yet to meet a slim or exhausted person who did not gain in weight rapidly while taking it.

GAINED 33 1-2 POUNDS.

PAWTUCKET, R. I., March 21, 1886.
J. A. MAGEE & Co., Dear Sirs: I write to inform you that I have been taking your Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil, combined with hypophosphites and extract of malt ever since the nineteenth of last November. It was recommended to me by Dr. Healey, of Newburyport, Mass., and while in the Anna Jacques hospital I continued to take it up to the first of March, and in the meanwhile gained 33 1-2 pounds of flesh from its effects.
Sincerely yours, FRANK W. HENNESSEY.
206 Mineral Springs Avenue, Pawtucket, R. I.
jan14 13t

WANTED, A man and wife to take the management and care of a farm in Maine. Farm carries about sixty head of thorough-bred stock. Address
M. E. WARD,
mar31-4t Auburndale, Mass.

EXAMINATION FREE.
Send lock of Hair, Age, and Sex to
MRS. DR. J. H. CARPENTER,
CLAIRVOYANT PHYSICIAN,
9 PEMBROKE ST., BOSTON.
mar31-4t

NEW ENGLAND HEADQUARTERS
FOR FARMERS' COMPLETE SUPPLIES. We still hold the lead with the celebrated Oliver Chilled and North American Plows, Breed's Universal Weeder, Thompson Patent Adjustable Horse Hoe, Whitcomb Horse Hoe and Cultivator, Stoddard Creamery and Churn, and many other articles of wide reputation, which are controlled by us exclusively. Don't fail to examine them and obtain prices before buying.

We offer a good STEEL SULKY PLOW Complete for $35.00. Former Price, $50.00.

We offer a good SULKY HARROW Complete for $35.00. Former Price, $50.00.

We offer a CASSIDY SULKY PLOW, used only at a few Fairs for $35.00. Regular Price, $50.00.

Seeds! Seeds!
We are Headquarters in New England.
While we have only been in business six years, we have gained a reputation second to none and have introduced several new Strains of Seeds well worthy of a trial, among which we note Thompson's Invincible Pea, earliest of all; Thompson's Danvers Yellow Globe Onion, True Buxton Shape, but produced by us and acknowledged a grand acquisition, and is excelled by none; Thompson's Boston Market Celery. Market Gardeners claim to get a better price for Celery raised from this seed than from any other. Call and see testimonial. Edmunds Blood Turnip Beet, our stock of this is from the Originator's Stock, grown in Essex County and has no superior. Snowball Cauliflower, our stock of this is genuine and the same we have sold for three years that has given perfect satisfaction. We wish to call special attention to our Thompson's Improved Strain of the Josiah Crosby Corn and we justly claim it is earlier than any other stock of Crosby Corn in the market. We invite an inspection at our store of it on the original stock as grown. Having devoted one-half of one entire floor for the exclusive handling of Pure and Reliable Market Gardners Strains of Seeds, we are receiving what we have worked for, and believe we deserve a large share of the Market Gardners Seed orders, and are fast becoming the leaders in this line, as a visit to our store on a pleasant day will convince any one. We defy Honest Competition in either Prices or Quality and are prepared to meet any Special Inducements. We claim to carry one of the largest and best selected Stock of Seed to be found in New England.
Our special Market Gardener's list is now ready on application. Secure our prices before purchasing. We keep everything requisite for the Farm, Garden and Lawn use.

C. H. THOMPSON & CO.,
Warehouses, 71 to 79 Clinton, 80 and 82 South Market Streets,
mar24-1t BOSTON, MASS.

Williams & Clark Co.'s High Grade FERTILIZERS.

AMMONIATED BONE SUPERPHOSPHATE
No Fertiliser Selling at the Same Price Shows as High Valuation.
IT LEADS ALL OTHERS.
POTATO PHOSPHATE
Contains all the Plant Food Necessary for a large crop of Potatoes.
Special Fertilizers for All Crops.
Send for circular containing valuable hints for the cultivation of all crops by successful growers, and description of all our fertilizers.
Principal Office,
Cotton Exchange Building, New York.
feb18-10t FOR SALE BY LOCAL AGENTS.

The strongest thing on earth to day,
Is known as Upton's Glue,
So purchase some without delay
And prove this saying true.

GLUE, GELATINE and SAND PAPER,
UPTON'S LIQUID FISH GLUE is made by a New Process and is superior in Adhesive and Keeping Qualities to all others. If your dealer does not keep it, send 15 Cents for sample bottle to GEO. UPTON, Manufacturer, Boston, Mass.
mar31-1t

BRIGHTON NURSERY.
Fruit and Ornamental Trees,
SHRUBS, VINES, ETC.
J. A. DeMAR, Prop'r, Late with C.W. Strong
OFFICE:
347 Washington St., Brighton, Mass.
Descriptive catalogue sent on receipt of two-cent stamp.
mar24-5t

MILK FARM
TO RENT, within 8 miles of Boston. Possession given May 1, 1888. Farm contains about 100 acres—about 60 acres mowing land. Running water in buildings. Large Orchard. Barn arranged for 10 horses and 60 cows. Large and convenient dwelling. Corn, Carriage, Wagon and Poultry Buildings.
Inquire of JOHN RINDGE,
feb18-11t 27 Kilby St. Boston.

YORKSHIRE PIGS
For Sale at LAMSON FARM,
6 weeks old, prices $6.00 to $9.00 per pair. Address AVERY B. CLARK,
mar24 tf Windham Depot, N. H.

TENTS FOR SALE AND TO LET.
FROM 10 to 200 feet in length. Any kind of Canvas work and tents made at the lowest prices by SAML N. PRESCH,
mar24-3t 175 Commercial St., Boston.

FREE! 1 Packet of choice German Flower Seeds, and Catalogue, for stamp. 10 Packets for 25 cents.
E. M. BULLARD,
mar17-4t West Swanzey, N.H.

HOME STUDY Thorough and practical Instruction given by MAIL in Book-keeping, Business Forms, Arithmetic, Shorthand, etc. Low rates. Distance no objection. Circulars sent free. BRYANT & STRATTON'S, 425 MAIN ST., BUFFALO, N. Y.
oct29-39t

FORBES
LITHOGRAPH
Manufacturing Co.
181 Devonshire Street.
BOSTON.
Lithographers,
Albertype & Photo-Lithographers
Metal & Glass Show Cards.
A thorough and economic means of advertising
FARM IMPLEMENTS & FERTILIZERS.
DIPLOMAS
—FOR—
AGRICULTURAL FAIRS.
oct1-4t

FIRST CLASS DAIRY FARM FOR SALE IN NEW GLOUCESTER, MAINE. The homestead Farm of THOMAS CLARK, situated on the Portland road 12 miles from Lewiston, 9 from Yarmouth and 19 from Portland; near Chandler's School-house, etc. Within 2 miles of three R. R. stations. The Farm consists of about 300 acres splendid upland and intervale, in good state of cultivation; cuts from 90 to 100 tons of good quality Hay; three good Pastures, will pasture 30 Cows; good orchard of about 300 Apple trees, grafted and bearing well. The buildings consist of a 2-story brick House and Ell; 2 Barns, one 42x46, clapboarded and painted, with good Cellar under the whole; the other 32x60; Barn connected to House by Carriage-house, Shop, Wood-house, etc.; good ice-house and Creamery. Buildings situated on high land, shaded by Elm trees. One of the finest places in this beautiful town. This is one of the best among the many good Farms in this wealthy agricultural town, and only offered for sale because the owner being over eighty years of age wishes to retire from business. Will be sold on easy terms. Address THOMAS CLARK, New Gloucester, or HENRY CLARK, Auburn, Me.
mar31-2t

WINDENGINES
For PUMPING or POWER.
Write us YOUR WANTS.
IRON TURBINE
Engines and all attachments for Shallow Water Supply or Irrigating Purposes. Every Engine warranted. Satisfaction guaranteed.
PUMPS for Hand or Power use, for Deep or Shallow Wells.
BUCKEYE LIFT & FORCE PUMPS
6" Wells sunk in North or South.
MAST, FOOS & CO.,
25 Vandewater St., near Oliver, BOSTON, MASS.
mar31-4tw

SITUATION WANTED,
AS FOREMAN OF A FARM,
By a man and wife; thoroughly competent to manage a Dairy or Thoroughbred Stock Farm. Best of references given, if required. Address
JOHN MALONE,
mar17-2t Portsmouth, N. H.

AKRON DRAIN PIPE.
CEMENT, LIME, &c.
WALDO BROS.,
jan7—13t 88 Water Street, Boston.

HOLSTEIN-FRESIANS.
Largest and Best Herd in New England.
We are now offering some of the best heifers coming two years old, and due to calve next Spring, that have ever been sold in the country. Also have some bull calves from our best cows that are first-class animals. Prices moderate. Visitors welcome. Come and examine this herd before you buy.
Lake View Farm,
NORTH ANDOVER, MASS.
W. A. RUSSELL, Proprietor.
J. C. POOR, Manager. jan7tf

$100 REWARD!
TUTTLE'S ELIXIR,
FOR MAN AND BEAST.
FOR colic, spavins, ringbone, cockle joints, contracted and knotted cords, surbs, splint, shoe boils, when first started, callus of all kinds; will cure in seven cases out of ten. Will relieve in every case, and will guarantee satisfaction or money refunded. This Elixir is especially adapted for Rheumatism, Cholera Morbus and Diarrhœa. Send for Circular.
4 Merimac Street, Boston, Mass.
Sold by Druggists and Grocers. jan7-52t

ASHES!
NEW ENGLAND HEADQUARTERS
—FOR—
Extra Unleached Hardwood Ashes
Guaranteed Analysis.
Our prices defy competition, obtain them before purchasing.
C. H. THOMPSON & CO.,
80 South Market & 71 Clinton Sts.,
mar31-1t Boston, Mass.

SEEDS! SEEDS!
MARKET GARDENERS must have the very BEST! Our Store has been Headquarters for the Market Garden Trade for over Thirty-Five Years!
The following Seeds, grown by the originators, can be had only of ourselves. We control the entire stock.
David Warren's Stone Mason Cabbage
Josiah Crosby's Sweet Corn.
Edmand's Turnip Blood Beet.
Fottler's Champion Cauliflower.
Steven's Golden Wax Pole Beans.
Send for Catalogue and Special Prices.
Remember that we have the largest and best stock of SEEDS to be found in this city.
Agents for Tarr & Wonson's Celebrated Patent Copper Paint, also for Carr, Ogden & Parker's Cement Paints, for House, Barns, Railway Buildings, Floors, etc., in paste, and mixed ready for use. (Which Paints obtained the highest medal at the National Exposition of Railway Appliances, held at Chicago, June, 1883.) Colt's One-Coat Finish Paint, Crockett's Spar, and Rosenburg's Nos. 1 and 2 Elastics Finish, Varnishes. Seven colors Farm Oil Stains,—in half pints to gallons,—Acid and Water Stains, in bulk, Shellacs, Sponges, etc.
mar17-32t BURT & HENSHAW.

ABORTION AND STERILITY, consequent Habitual slinkers cured by using 1 bottle of Blabertine. For Cows or Mares, it has never failed. Delivered at your express office for $3. Wallace Barnes, Box 604, Bristol, Ct.
mar10-4t

"AKRON" SOLE TILE
Large Stock of all sizes
LAND TILE
AND
AKRON SEWER PIPE
(Best in the Market.)
Constantly on Hand.
The best discounts given. Send for Price List and Discounts.
D. W. LEWIS,
80 WATER STREET, BOSTON.
N. E. AGENT.
mar31-26t

FREEDONIA WASHER.
Such a pet in thousands of homes, and so much needed in every house, because it saves one-half the time and labor, and does not wear or tear the clothes as by rubbing. Can now be had at 45 Milk St., Ploughman Building, Boston. Price only $5.00. Money refunded if it don't do as represented. D. L. SMITH, Gen'l Agent. *Agents wanted.*
mar31-1t

THOMAS REVERSIBLE HARROW.
20,000 IN USE.
Send for Pamphlets.
Flower and Vegetable Seed by Mail, Express or Freight.
We meet all Special Offers and Prices, so do not allow yourselves to be astonished.
The Old Reliable Agricultural House,
PARKER & WOOD, 49 No. Market St. Boston.
mar24-1t MENTION THIS PAPER.

SEEDS! SEEDS!
Seed, Plant, and Implement Catalogue Now Ready. Free to All.
Do not forget we have the Largest and Best Stock of SEEDS to be found in Boston, and Market Gardeners and Planters *have made our Store Headquarters for over 40 years.*
SPECIAL MARKET GARDENERS' PRICE LIST READY.
We meet all Special Offers and Prices, so do not allow yourselves to be astonished.
The Old Reliable Agricultural House,
PARKER & WOOD, 49 No. Market St. Boston.
MENTION THIS PAPER.

REID'S PEERLESS CREAMERY
Absolute Perfection for Best Quality Butter.
BUTTER WORKER
MOST EFFECTIVE and CONVENIENT.
Also CHURNS, POWER BUTTER WORKERS, PRINTERS, SHIPPING BOXES.
Send for my illus. Catalogues, containing valuable information for Creamery men and Butter Packers.
CREAMERY SUPPLIES.
A. H. REID, 30th and Market Streets, PHILADELPHIA, PA.
JOSEPH BRECK & SONS, 51 No. Market St., Boston, Eastern Agents.
feb4-7tcow

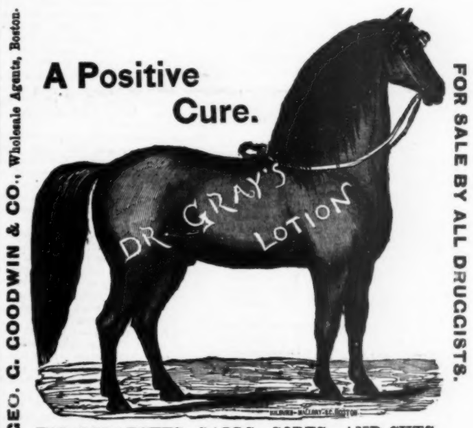
BURPEE'S SEEDS, FARM ANNUAL FOR 1888
Will be sent FREE to all who write for it. It is a Handsome Book of 128 pp., with hundreds of illustrations, Colored Plates, and tells all about the BEST GARDEN, FIELD, and FLOWER SEEDS, Bulbs, Plants, and Valuable New Roots, as Garden Topics. Every where Rare Novelties in VEGETABLES and FLOWERS, of real value, which cannot be obtained elsewhere. Send address on a postal for the most complete Catalogue published, to
W. ATLEE BURPEE & CO., PHILADELPHIA, PA.
jan7 13t

The Largest Creamery in the United States
The Big Four, Ill., Creamery is claimed to be the largest Creamery in this country or the world. THE PRODUCT OF 1887 WILL REACH
$200,000.00.
The patrons are Paid 27 Cents for cream equal to a pound of butter. It is run on the Cooley System of Cream Gathering.
The Largest Creamery in New England is run by D. WHITING & SON, Wilton, N. H. Patrons receive 29 CENTS for Cooley Cream equal to a pound of butter
The Largest Creamery in Penn., is the TROY CREAMERY, patrons are now paid 28 CENTS Per Pound.
A full line of Butter Factory Supplies, including ENGINES, BOILERS, CREAM VATS, CHURNS, WORKERS &c. Send for illustrated circulars. Plans and Estimates furnished free to purchasers.
VERMONT FARM MACHINE CO., Bellows Falls, Vermont.
feb4-13t

SOLUBLE PACIFIC GUANO
Is undeniably the leading manufactured fertilizer no matter what our competitors say to the contrary.
At the State Fair held at Worcester, Mass., in September, 1887. The New England and Worcester Agricultural Societies awarded us the
SILVER MEDAL,
for "SOLUBLE PACIFIC GUANO," and also their DIPLOMA for the best exhibit of products raised by the use of this old and reliable fertilizer. This was the only Medal awarded, which fact speaks for itself.
GLIDDEN & CURTIS, Boston, Mass.,
General Selling Agents,
PACIFIC GUANO COMPANY.
mar17-4t

BUIST'S PRIZE MEDAL GARDEN SEEDS.
Established 1828.
PUREST AND BEST SEEDS Exclusively of our own growth, from choicest selected seed stocks, especially adapted for the most critical Market Garden trade. See our list of Novelties, all fully tested: Buist's Early Morning Star Pea; Early Golden Cluster Wax Pole Bean; Buist's Belle Tomato; Washington Market Cantaloupe; Buist's Great Cabbage; Ohio Turnip Beet; Perfection White Forcing Lettuce; Buist's Mammoth Egg Plant; Chirk Castle Hazel of Warwick; New Russian Cabbage; Carter's Lightning Pea; Extra Early Express Cabbage; Mammoth Salsify; Ivory Celery; New Snowflake Corn. 10c Packet each of entire lot for $1.25. Send for our Garden Guide (Free on application), and see the discounts we offer you for purchases of $1 and upwards.
ROBERT BUIST, Jr., Seed Grower, Philadelphia, Pa.
feb18-4teow

A Positive Cure.
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.
GEO. C. GOODWIN & CO., Wholesale Agents, Boston.



FOR SCRATCHES, GALLS, SORES, AND CUTS.
mar10-4t

Recorded Percheron & French Coach Horses

Two importations this year. Nearly 200 of these popular breeds on hand. Every animal recorded with extended pedigree in their respective stud books. Choicest breeding and individual excellence combined. Coach stallions all purchased before the French government made its selection. Do not buy coarse, logy horses unsalted to your section, but come and see large fine horses with the best of action. They will cost you no more. Send for illustrated catalogue.
JOHN W. ASH,
nov26-51t Scipio, Cayuga Co., N. Y.

Chester White, Berkshire and Poland China Pigs, Fine Setters Dogs, Scotch Collies, Fox Hounds and Beagles, Sheep and Poultry, bred and for sale by W. GIBBONS & CO., West Chester, Chester Co., Pa. Send stamp for Circular and Price List.
nov26-52t

The Triumph Steam Generator
Indispensible for Farmers, Milkmen, Hotel Keepers, Butchers, Stable Keepers, Laundrymen, Florists, Poultry Fanciers, for Heating Offices and Small Dwellings.
Safe, Durable and Economical.
EDWARD C. STEVENS,
General Agent,
Clinton Mass.
feb11-3t

CATARRH NAME OF TREATMENT FREE
No proof is ever published unless a cure is effected. No cure, no pay. Sufferers. Address, C. J. MASON, P. O. Box 3179, New York
dec11-52t

SUFFERERS FROM
Nervous Debility, Youthful Indiscretions, Lost Manhood,
BE YOUR OWN PHYSICIAN!
Many men, from the effects of youthful impudence, have lost the whole estate of weakness that has reduced the general system so much as to induce spermatorrhœa, impotency, and the real cause of the trouble scarcely ever thought of by the doctor profession. Everything but the right one. Nevertheless, in the medical science has produced for the relief of this class of diseases, none of the ordinary modes of treatment effect a cure. During our extensive college and hospital practice we have experimented long and discovered new and concentrated remedies, whose unsurpassing prescription is the secret of a certain and speedy cure, no hindrance of business or pleasure. Those who have been deceived by quacks and disappointed, Dr. Lewis would say consult him and he will restore the disappointed one to all the duties of life, whether they be physical or mental, pertaining to married life or single blessedness. Consultation, Medicine, &c., $5 Working Chances $2-3.
DR. LEWIS IS PERMANENTLY LOCATED AT
129 FRIENDSHIP

The Poet's Corner.

LOWELL ON ALCOTT.

[From "A Fable for Critics."]

Yonder, calm as a cloud, Alcott stalks in a dream,
And fancies himself in thy groves, Academe,
With the Parthenon nigh, and the olive tree o'er him,
And never a fact to perplex him or bore him,
With a snug room at Plato's, when night comes to walk to,
And people from morning till midnight to talk to,
And from midnight till morning, nor snore in their listening—
So he muses, his face with the joy of its glistening,
For his highest conceit of a happiest state is
Where they'd live upon acorns, and hear him talk gratis:
And, indeed, I believed no man ever talked better—
Each sentence hangs perfectly poised to a letter;
He seems piling words, but there's royal dust hid
In the heart of each sky piercing pyramid.
When he talks he is great, but goes out like a taper,
If you shut him up closely with pen, ink and paper;
Yet his fingers for 'em from morning till night,
And he thinks he does wrong if he don't always write;
In this, as in all things, a lamb among men,
He goes to sure death when he goes to his pen.

Ladies' Department.

THE FINDING OF THE "ALBIA."

BY MAJA SPENCER.

[From the London Belgravia.]

"That it is! I've spent a month sarchin' it, an' more money than I could save in six. I've toiled up an' down thet gulch till my eyes are blinded with the tarnal rocks. All kinds, jest a stickin' out, to ketch the sun, 'ceptin' this kind as is wanted, an' is a hidin,' somewhere. I gives it up. An' ef any other feller ken fin' it, he's welcome, says Ned Clark!"

As he spoke, he threw upon the counter a bit of rock, looking sullenly at it, while, one by one, the group of men around the great stove in the middle of the store came up and examined the small piece of beautiful red quartz with gold fairly studding it.

No one made a comment, each laying it down with a shrug of the shoulders, until it had passed through every hand in the store except a young fellow's who, the first to leave the stove, had stood silent until the men were back in their comfortable quarters near the fire, and the rock on the counter. Then he approached, took it up, turning it over and over in his hand, saying slowly as if thinking aloud: "It is the first pure red quartz I've seen in the camp."

"Oh, is it?" Ned Clark's voice mocked the quiet words, and Ned Clark's ruddy face was full of open contempt

The young fellow did not answer, gave no evidence of having heard, just kept on steadily looking at the quartz.

After a few moments' silence Ned grew impatient. "Well, why don't you speak?" he asked.

"I have nothing I wish to say," answered the other. His fair, unbearded face looked out of place among the sunburnt, heavily bearded men, who expecting amusement "in Ned chaffin' the youngster," stopped all conversation to listen.

"Oh!" sneered Ned, "p'raps thar's suthin yer wish to do?" And spreading out his chest he laughed sarcastically at the stripling, who, with the slendernese of youth and of delicate build, appeared a child in contrast with him.

"Yes, there is something I wish to do. I wish to look for the ledge that rock came from." His voice was low and firm, his hat well back on his bright hair, showing how very fair and young he was. Yet, there was no lack of manliness, for he looked unflinchingly back at the brawny fellow trying to provoke his anger.

"Yer wants ter fin' thet ledge? Yer wants ter fin' it, does yer? Yer wants the moon, too! I spec's yer'd cry for the sun," sneered Clark.

"My wants are nothing to you, Ned Clark." The young fellow's face was red now with anger. "You said any one could try who wanted to. And I mean to try. You have no right to these mountains! You can't locate a ledge before you find it. Keep your bit of rock," he tossed it back on the counter; "I have eyes, and can remember what I've seen!"

"Oh, yer hez eyes, hez yer? Rale purty eyes too! An' a face like a gal's, with a soft, white skin! It's a pity yer mother didn't keep yer at home, 'stead o' lettin' yer run over these mountains o' Nevada a-spoilin' yer beauty!"

"We can't help our faces, but we can our manners, and if you dare speak of my mother again, I'll strike you in the mouth!" said the young fellow.

"Oh, yer'll strike, will yer! Thar!" Ned Clark threw out his fist with such force that would have leveled George Elmair, had he been prepared. A quick side step, and the blow fell harmless. Not so the well directed one on Ned's great chest, which in place of angering, pleased him. "Ha, ha!" he shouted; "George Elmair, yer hez knocked the devil out o' me. When I seed yer a-peckin' at that rock, I felt that contempt for yer as I would feel for a gal masquerad in' in pants! But, blame me, if yer ain't a boy—and a fust class one, too. Here's my han', an honest one though rough. Take the rock, lad, an' ef yer fin' it dern me ef thar'll be a man in camp as I'll be readier to say hooray than Ned Clark!"

George returned Ned's grip with one as hearty, and then, without a word to the men about the stove, went on, taking the trail across the low hill that led to the "dug-out" in the rocks where he was "cabining."

He was a boy, and a young one, not having yet reached his majority; but he had a painful spot in his life that, but for his mother, might have blighted all the years he had to live. The mention of his mother's name before the crowd of rough men had set his heart throbbing, his lips trembling. And here, in the darkness, leaving behind him the light of the store, and twinkling candles in cabin windows, the tears came out.

They ran down his cheeks as he whispered: "I'm a baby, and a girl. But how I do love her! I was thinking of her, almost in despair to-night, as I sat in the store, only because I had no money to waste for candles and firewood. And then when that man brought in the rock it seemed to me God had sent him—if God ever does send help to a fellow!" he continued, sadly.

For he was almost in despair. The blight from which his mother had rescued him had fallen upon him through his own fault, and she, to save him, had paid all she had. "The only son of a widow." Words so simple and full of pathos that they have come down to us through ages, carrying with them the history of two lives. And this widow, this only son, were as dear to each other, as necessary, as ever had been those others in the scriptural story.

She had been too unselfish, this widowed mother: and he such a bright, affectionate, wilful boy, that while really needing greatest control he had seemed not to require any.

Study came easy to him; success as a right. A college education, and then a profession! This was the mother's dream. Stinting herself, and keeping the stint hidden, that her boy might stand among his peers, nor lack what they had in abundance. Just the boy to win boy's hearts and lead in manly sports, George Elmair's years in college had been one scene of triumph, until at last, at the very close, with honors still warm on his brow, he did, what other boys had done before, and what, alas! they will hereafter do—"he went on a spree."

Went on a spree with some other fellows, full as merry, but not so innocent as he. And for result—not only aching head and limbs, but papers forged!

How it happened he knew not, having no memory beyond the hour of drunken merriment, until after three days' searching his mother found him in bed, in a strange hotel, his companions fled, and under his pillow the notes that had been advertised.

An hour of agony, an explanation that was no explanation, and then, with a prayer to the God of the fatherless, just as George was, his mother bade him dress and come with her to the banker's office. Pausing first at her own bank, and drawing out her every cent, she hurried on, her feet not seeming quick enough to carry her to save her boy from dishonor. With her hand on George's arm, and in her bosom the book containing her little all—the all that stood between her and destitution—went that mother to the rich man's office, asking admission.

Treated most curtly yet she laid down her money and stated her mission. At first the offer was refused, prosecution threatened, but she pleaded as a mother can; then, as an intelligent woman, she stated the many points in her boy's favor, and the slight ease that could be made against him, that his only proof of guilt lay in the unconscious possession of notes which she herself had found. The rich man finally considered, and, with the mother's thanks, accepted her money, opened the door for her, and let her pass out penniless, into the world.

There followed days of agony for George—days when, between him and the despair of his young heart, stood his mother, like the angel he had called her, telling him that suicide was cowardice, that she believed in his manhood, and looked to his future as her sole hope.

Then, with the rashness of youth, he asserted that if a future was possible for him, he must find it out in the West, among a nobler class than in the Eastern cities, where friend was synonym with traitor. The young fellow was so nearly brokenhearted that the mother yielded, sold her watch and every trinket saved from the wreck of past prosperity, and sent him off loaded with her blessings and her love.

He knew she had obtained a position as a teacher, but he did not know her last cent was in his pocket, and that the only bit of gold she owned was her wedding-ring.

He knew she would be lonely for him, but he did not know that under her smile at parting her heart cried out in agony for her only child.

No, he did not know this, nor what he would feel, when far from her the Westward bound train bore him and his bright hopes. He only knew that he would soon be back to her with a fortune, like every fellow did who went West. This was George Elmair's firm belief, when from a forlorn little station of the P. R. he took the stage to the Great Camp of Bellaire. The miners in their flannel shirts, and pants tucked in boots, who sat with him on the stage, which, more properly defined, was an old-fashioned "buck board," gave him no more attention than a passing look. "A boy like a gal, wid a skin like a babby's. Wonder what he's doin' here!" said one brawny fellow, who had nothing of his babyhood about him—not a relic of its purity to judge from his broad jokes, at which his companions laughed, sometimes clapping him on the back with: "Wal, Ned Clark, but yer is good company."

"I flatters myself better'n a baby, who'n nigh ter cryin' fer his mamma," Ned Clark shouted, as the horses ran down a little gulch, jostling the occupants of the stage, together. These loud words reached George Elmair's ears, and made him conscious that the sense of desolation in his heart, had sent its expression to his face.

He turned his head away, pressed his lips together, wondered if many was the animal who most delighted to oppress his kind, and then, determining to give no further cause for jokes to the man called 'Ned Clark,' began to observe more and think less. The country through which they were rapidly riding seemed a desert to him, with its light, sandy soil rising in clouds, and the heavy sage-bush losing even its grayish semblance to green, as the dust settled upon it. The bushes, though, sent up a pungent and rather pleasant odour, and the soil was capable of cultivation, as was evinced by the large fields of grain, and fine potato-vines, which, called "ranches" were found at every streamlet. What a relief these babbling brooks" were to the hungry valley, that swallowed them up within its sandy depths!

How they spoke of cool and shady nooks as they ran down from the great, blue-clad mountains, that with their showy crests sent out here and there a great "boulder" to "show formation," which since the miners had ceased laughing at him, seemed their only topic of conversation.

The stage stopped at each of the 'ranches,' its passengers apparently well-known to the "fellers," who would leave whatever they were about, "jest to give yer a shake, Ned," they said to the ruddy-faced, broad-chested man. "Ned, seemed a hero in these parts, but George, concluding he had done something remarkable, was soon undeceived by a young girl—the first stranger to be pleased with him. She ran out to the buck-board with a glass of milk as he sat waiting.

"Mother ses as she'll be glad ter hev yer take this; it's so awful dusty ter day," she said, holding out the milk.

"Thank you." He gratefully accepted her courtesy.

Then she continued in the perfect frankness common to the West: "I say, ef yer is a stranger to these parts, and hain't got no frien's, yer'd better make up ter Ned Clark. He's orful good ef he has a mind, an' mighty mean ef he ain't. Why, he's jest skinned a greenhorn out o' a lot o' money, jest for a lark! An' then with a laugh, as if the man was telling a good joke—"jest took all these fellows down ter Californy! Now money's all gone Ned's back. So ef yer hes spar' jest look out. An' ef yer is dead broke see Ned; he'll help yer."

The girl—and a pretty girl, too—told the story with such evident relish, such perfect ignorance of any wrong on Ned's part, that the free generous West, George had been dreaming of began to seem a place where man sinned and erred, the same as in Eastern cities, but without shame or hypocrisy to hide his wrong.

The Great Mountains were, however, great; they grew awful in their grandeur as the stage, after rushing down a road so precipitous that George felt exultation from the very danger, drew up at a store where several men lounging roused themselves into something like life, when one exclaimed: "Ned Clark, I'll be derned!"

"Yes, Ned Clark," called out this distinguished son of the camp with a voice that despite George's inclination to fight him, had a pleasant ring in it. "Ned Clark an' dern broke. Ha, ha!" he laughed. "California's the place ter scatter yer cash, but dern me of Bellaire, pore as it looks—" and the great fellow made a bow to the few poor cabins that were all of the "great camp of Bellaire," as the newspapers had called it—"jest dern me if Bellaire ain't the place ter pick it up!" He struck one hand into the other, looked around to see who would negative his remark, and, finding himself the admired center of a ring of fellows with slouch hats and canvas pants, laughed once more his "Ha, ha!"

George Elmair, in his Eastern-out clothes, with his college elegance showing itself even more than his surprise at the scene before him, was bitterly smiling at his thoughts.

Was this to be the scene of his success? How was he to make headway against such rudeness, such roughness? He did not understand that, rude and rough as the men were, had they known of his poverty and his difficulties, hardly one in the group, including Ned Clark himself, but would have extended his hand and, calling him "pard," have offered him a share of the best he had.

But they did not know this, and quickly finding out he was no capitalist for whom they could "salt a mine," they concluded he held himself above them, and they hated him for his reserve and dignity.

"He's a settin' himself above us," the loungers in the store said to one another, and so the phrase spread to the whole camp; even the girls—pretty ones, too, grow up in the mountains!—turned up their noses as he passed to and fro up the gulches seeking work. Had the men been friendly things would have been easy, and an experienced miner soon have given him practical lessons. But as it was, work was hard to get. The gravel, as was called the great boulders of rock with their cement of sand and small stones, was not easy for an inexperienced miner to move. And though George Elmair swung the pick, bringing its point down in better position each day; though, with his hands unused to labor, he left the mark of his blood on the hard wooden handles, and worked the small rockers until the gold was caught in the riffles, and his flesh seared with many a deep cut the water leaves as its compliments; he could not pay the high prices for meals at the "Restaraunt," nor the lodging-house charge for a very hard bed.

So he withdrew more and more into himself, found an unused "dug-out" in the mountains for a cabin, and buying a sack of flour and side of bacon, with his last silver, bravely started "cabining" for himself.

If he had had a companion to share his hardships, he could have made light of them; but he was alone, and a lonely laugh brought forth fearful echoes from that hole in the rocks.

The contempt the miners felt for his "education and handsome face," he returned for their "roughness, gambling and drinking;" and though the letters to his mother were full of cheerfulness, he loathed the openly committed sins of the mountain camp, feeling with a shudder that from just such, under a velvet covering, his mother had rescued him.

Mother! It was the thought of her that kept him from despair, kept him from tossing his young life as a worthless gift back to his Creator. What brave letters she wrote! How she believed in him! He must repay her. So he struggled on against want and disappointment, until that cold evening, shivering in his "dug-out," he had gone to the store, had seen the red rock, and resolved to find the ledge.

George's pluck in hitting Ned had delighted more than the great fellow himself.

"Here, lad; here's luck! Drink wi' us ter yer findin' the red ledge," had called out several voices And even though the lad refused, the miners had all drunk to him, wiping their mouths with the backs of their hands' and calling him "derned plucky."

He was plucky, starting out the next morning, walking up the gulch, keeping his eyes earthward, picking up bits of the red quarts, which in mining parlance is called "float." These "floats" persistently stopped at the foot of one great bald peak whose only ornament was a dead cedar, which had gained for it the sobriquet of "Injun's Arrow." For its tall black spire struck out against the sky like a giant's sharpened weapon. Nothing had ever been found on this bald peak; not even a boulder broke its smooth surface, nor wild flowers which, during Spring and early Summer, cover these mountains. Alone, with its "Injun's Arrow," the peak has stood for centuries.

"It is nothing but country earth, the wash of some waves millions of years ago, when these valleys were great seas," said George to himself, adding the miners' belief to his own theories.

So he passed the bold peak, searching still farther up the gulch for the bits of red float.

None could be found.

"Well, I'll try here, for it is nowhere else," he said, and began the ascent towards "Injun's Arrow."

He had walked a good distance, slipping, falling and pulling himself up, before a bit of the red rock greeted his eyes, when suddenly, after a backward look where the valley hung with the morning's mist, seemed the land of plenty and not sandy waste, he started forward again, and just at his feet a great piece of the rock he was searching for lay before him.

He picked it up with a cry of joy. He had not felt so glad since, as "stroke," his crew had won the college race.

For he was on the right track. He knew it, and he would persevere.

He kept his resolution, though day after day he would spend hours in searching, and then, after "packing," the Western term for carrying,—whole sacks of rock down to the spring, only tiny bits of the red quartz would reward his labor.

His money was gone, his food was scarce, his strength failed fast; yet panting, exhausted, on he toiled. The whole camp grew interested in him. The men betted on him, some even speculated whether it would "jest be neighbor-like ter offer him a loan," but his own proud bearing and reserve made them "kinder 'shamed."

One day the maddest desire for liquor came on him. He felt if he had but one drink to warm him he would be able to find the ledge. But then the mother who loved him rose in his thoughts; and weak, shivering, wearied, he started once more up the bald peak.

It was so high, there was no other peak above it. It was so steep George Elmair staggered under the small prospecting pick with its hammer on one side, his only weapon in this battle for success.

"I'll reach that arrow to-day," he said, "I'll reach it if it be only to die by it." And then he said "Mother!" with a sob.

Then he was silent, searching in the loose earth for those specks of red quarts.

Midday found him near the "Injun's Arrow," but perfectly exhausted; so exhausted that he fell on his face, and at the same time into heavy, trance-like sleep. He woke with a shiver. He had dreamed his mother was calling, and he could not find her; yet the sleep strengthened him, for he saw the great dead cedar tree and said: "I'll reach you now." Then his head grew light, he began to laugh at money and its power. He began to fancy himself a king. A king! He would at least have a fire to die by. As the warmth cheered him he grew more master of himself. The glorious view of mountain after mountain range, the wide valley with its sage-bush looking like verdure, the sky with wonderful pellucid blue, and great clouds moving in majestic grandeur; and the air, the invigorating breath of God it seemed, as George's strength temporarily returned. Yes, Nevada was a glorious country.

The fire blazed on, crackling and sending out its starry sparks like beacons to welcome wanderers, and still George dreamed.

Presently his heart gave a great leap; he caught his breath. Was he really mad, or was that—that rock there, just under the burnt cedar, his ledge?

A moment more he was on his feet, swinging his pick, and hitting at that boulder with a giant's strength. Great pieces flew off, but the boulder was firm, it was no float. It was the ledge, and—filled with gold!

"I proclaim thee "Albia," for my mother," shouted the young fellow, half crazed with joy.

Then he built up the little piles of rock called "monuments," and "located" his find, proclaiming in his notice to whoever might chance that way that George Elmair had located this gold-bearing ledge, which shall be known as the Albia. That he claimed 1,500 feet north and south, 600 feet east and west, with all the dips and spurs, and all the advantages the mining laws of Nevada allowed.

Then he added dates, put the paper notice between the rocks, and rushing down the mountain side, burst into the store with—

"I've found the ledge!"

The men gethered around him; Ned Clark gave them "a thousand jest down" for one-third, and he sent for his mother.

Bellaire, however, did not seem a lonely place to her when she saw her boy's glad face, and he knew he had achieved success.

Yes, he had succeeded in more than finding a fortune, for he had conquered himself.

AN IDEAL.

To voice in song some high resolve of truth
Which should draw up to it the heart of youth!—
Impetuous youth, so quick to waste its wine
At earth's unworthy tables, when divine
And sacramental it might come to be
If offered at high altars worthily!—
Oh, were it mine such song as that to frame,
She of the loud-voiced trumpet might blow past my name!
—[Margaret H. Lewiss in the American Magazine.

OF NO USE.

[The Pacific.]

"Make me of use, my God!
Let me not be forgot;
Let not thy child be cast aside,
One whom thou needest not!"

Little Jenny Briggs sang these words, perched up in the kitchen window near her mother's ironing-table. It was almost dusk; and Jenny was darning away very busily, hoping to have the last pair of stockings in the basket finished before daylight was quite gone.

The basket had been heaped with stockings of all sizes, from the father's big blue socks down to Watty's *baby* red ones, as Jenny called them. Jenny liked to begin upon it when it was filled up so; for she had learned to darn very nicely, and was rather proud of her accomplishment. Besides, it was so nice to show mother each pair as she finished it, and hear her say,—

"Well done, girlie!" or "You're a real help, Jenny,—that you are!"

Jenny was singing on,—

"Thou usest all thy works,
The weakest things that be;
Each has a service of its own,
For all things wait on thee."

"There, now," interrupted the mother, "you must come down from the window, and set the table, little woman. The clock has struck six, and father and Ben will be here directly. Never mind about that last pair now. See what it is to be so useful that you're wanted for two things at once!"

Jenny laughed as she stuck her needle into the cushion, and sprang down from her seat. At the same moment, a boy, who had been sitting near, raised himself on a pair of crutches, and came up to his mother's side.

"Can't I help, mother?"

Perhaps the mother was too busy to notice the plaintive tone of the question, for she answered rather hastily:—

"Not now, Hugh. I've nothing for you to do. And stand aside, my dear; I'm in a great hurry to finish these things."

"We haven't any beef to shave to-night, Hugh," said Jenny, merrily; "and—of course I can fly around and get tea better than you could!" And the child hustled about like a busy bee.

Hugh turned, and hopped away on his crutches to the farthest window; and a few bitter tears coursed down his cheeks.

"It's all well enough for Jenny to sing that hymn," he said to himself; "but there's never anything I can do."

"Here we are! Bless your dear hearts! How're you all got on to-day?"

At the sound of his father's step outside, Hugh had slipped into a back room. The rest all turned eagerly to greet him as he entered, followed by Ben, a stout lad of fourteen.

Just as her husband came in, Mrs. Briggs hung up her last piece, and set aside the irons to cool, saying, "There, it's done!"

"It's too much for you, though, I'm afraid, mother," said the father, with a half sigh. "You have hard work enough to do for all of us, without thinking in any."

"Never mind," was the cheery answer; "we must all help pull over this tight place. And, besides, you don't know how much Mary and Jenny help me, now that they are out of school."

"Mother won't have to do it long, will she, father? Not if I get that place, at least," said Ben; "for then I can pay my own way. Hurrah!"

"Ah, there comes my Mary! Been doing mother's errands, my girl? But where is Hugh?" asked the father, looking about.

"Hughie in 'e sink-room, wiping he eyes!" said little Watty.

"Wiping his eyes? What's the matter?"

"Not much, I guess," said the mother, in a low voice, "or nothing now, I mean. He gets fretty and moping some days; and no wonder, I suppose, poor boy!"

Ben directly made an errand into the sink-room.

"Hallo, Hugh, here you are!" said he, cheerily. "Hold on a minute till I wash my hands; and then let's have a look at those grape-vines, and see if they are going to live."

"Now, then, I'll be one crutch, you know," said he; and passing his strong arm around his brother, he helped him down into the yard.

"They're going to do first-rate," Ben went on, examining the vines. "But I say, Hughie, what's up? Is the pain bad to-day?" Hugh shook his head.

"It isn't that," said he.

"What, then? You'll tell me, I'm sure, old fellow?"

"Oh, Ben, it's only that all the rest of you can work, and help on; and I'm just good for nothing! I'm of no use, and I never can be."

"Now, Hughie Brigga, you musn't say that. Who gets on faster than you do in school. I want to know. And didn't teacher tell you what lots of things you'd be able to do one of these days, if you got on well with your learning?

"And then you *do* help at home, I'm sure! Don't you amuse Watty, and keep him out of mischief, and clean the knives, and black the boots, and what not? Of no use, indeed!

"Come now, cheer up, like a brave chap! There's mother calling. Come in to supper, and by and by I want to tell you something!"

The Briggs family were in a tight place this Spring, in truth. They had had a good deal of sickness through the winter, and then the father had only half work for some weeks. But the children learned from their parents' example to look on the bright side, and work on cheerfully and hopefully; and they were a happy household still, in spite of their poverty. Even poor Hugh was generally patient and content.

After supper Ben beckoned his brother aside.

"I say, Hughie, do you think you could ride in the wheelbarrow out beyond the factory to-morrow morning, and get back yourself? If you could, I'd take you when I go to work. We might start early, you know. And I've a famous plan for you. I was out wandering around at noon,—it was so warm and pleasant to-day,—and I discovered such a prime lot of trailing arbutus. I don't believe anybody knows of it. *Now*, Hugh!"

"O, Ben, do you mean for me to pick and sell it, the way the Ryan girls did? O Ben, do you think I *could*?"

"Of course you can, old fellow! I'll fix you up! There's that big shallow basket,—it wants a strap to go over your tray. And, if I wheel you out there, maybe you won't get too tired. But we must ask mother, if you'll like to try, that is."

"Yes, yes, I want to!" assented Hugh, though he trembled with excitement at the idea of undertaking the sale.

His mother demurred a good deal. She feared Hugh was too feeble to attempt it; but the father whispered, "Let him try, mother; if he succeeds, it'll do him good."

So, bright and early the next morning, the boys set forth.

Hugh enjoyed his wheelbarrow ride, and went into ecstacies, over the arbutus, which was very large and sweet. Ben helped him pick until the clanging bell called him to his work, and then left him, saying heartily,—

"Now see what a fine salesman you can make, and keep up a stout heart, dear old fellow!"

Hugh picked all the arbutus within his reach which was opened, and tied it up in large bunches. Then, hanging his basket around his neck, he made his way slowly into the town.

As his home was in the outskirts, Hugh had but seldom gone through the busier streets where now he meant to offer his flowers; and his heart beat fast, as he took his stand on a sunny corner.

He held a bunch timidly to one and another of the busy people who pressed by. But, though some looked at him curiously, and others, pityingly, no one seemed disposed to buy.

Hugh was growing disheartened. "Nobody wants em; they're like me," he said to himself; but, remembering Ben's cheery counsel, he resolved to cross into the next street, and try again.

As he was hopping along, a young girl came tripping by, but stopped at the sight of Hugh's basket.

"Oh, how lovely! Are you selling this?" she asked. "How much a bunch?"

"Ten cents, miss," said Hugh, very shyly.

"Ten cents! Those are generous bunches for that price. I'll take one gladly."

Then, noticing Hugh more closely, she asked kindly:—

"Have you ever sold any before? Where did you find this?"

Hugh told her how his brother had taken him out in a wheelbarrow to get it, and the girl seemed greatly interested.

"But you have made your bunches too large," she said. "You might make three or four out of each of these. See here, Mr. Dillon will let you sit down in his shop, if I ask him. I'll show you how to make them up, and then I know where you can sell them. Come in here."

The shopkeeper smilingly gave the desired permission; and Miss Loulie tied up a few tasteful bunches of the usual size, to show Hugh how.

"There," said she, "I must run, or I shall be out too long. Do you know where the young ladies' school is,—up on the hill? Well, when you have made up your bunches, just bring them up there, and ring the bell, will you?"

Loulie bought a paper of candies at the counter, poured half of them into Hugh's basket, and away she ran. And the boy greatly cheered and comforted, finished his pretty work, and then followed her as she had bidden him.

Poor fellow! He almost wished he had not ventured, as he hobbled up the broad walk, and timidly pulled the bell at the door of that imposing building.

"She told me to," thought he. "But what will they say to me?

But Loulie was not a girl to do things by halves. She had sought out the principal, and coaxingly told him of her *protegé*, and, when Hugh's ring was heard, the door was quickly opened, and Loulie smilingly bade him enter.

It was Saturday morning; and, therefore, the young ladies were not a little astonished to hear the triangle sounded long before dinner.

"What's the matter?" said one and another, as they gathered from their rooms to obey the summons.

"Miss Royce is calling the classes in an absent-minded fit, I suspect," said one merry girl.

But down they all flocked; and, when they saw the pale-faced cripple standing in the hall with his basket, they took it all in at once.

"Oh, what beauties!"

"I must have a bunch!"

"And I!"

"Oh, dear! I've spent my last dime. You'll lend me one till Monday, won't you, Helen?—that's a dear!"

And so, in a very few minutes, the bunches were all sold. Hugh's eyes shone with grateful happiness, as he glanced shyly up at Miss Loulie.

"I'm much obliged to you all," he said simply.

"And we are much obliged to you for bringing us the arbutus," said one gentle little girl, very kindly.

"Yes, indeed!" exclaimed several. "We haven't had any so sweet as this."

Hugh was too happy to feel tired, as his crutches tapped, tapped along the sidewalk on the way home.

"Mother, Jenny, oh, see!" he cried. "I've sold all my flowers, and here's all this money,—a dollar and a half! O mother!"

"Mother" understood fully now, from the tone in which this was uttered, what had so troubled her boy.

She stroked his hair very lovingly, as she said:—

"You've done bravely, sonny; and the money will be a great help. But, Hugh, dear, if you shouldn't have another such chance for a long time, you mustn't fret about it again. Give up your lame feet and your willing hands, and a loving heart with them, to serve the Lord just as he wants you to; and he can 'make use of you,' Hughie, as Jenny's hymn says, and he will. Yes, and he will make you a help and a comfort to father and mother, too. You are that now, dear, most days."

"Only when I fret, mother," said Hugh, smiling through tears. "I'll try not to feel bad that way again," he added.

Not long after, Jenny was heard singing again:

"Thou usest tree and flower,
The river, vast and small,
The eagle great, the little bird
That sings upon the wall!"

"Yes, and even poor, good-for-nothing me," whispered Hugh to himself.

☞ Mr. Hoffman House (to the Rev. Dr. Chasuble's son)—"Aw, Harry. I suppose in these Lenten days you are putting a penance on yourself?"

Harry Chasuble—"Ya-as, deah boy, I'm wearing a turn-down collar, now!"—[From Puck.

THE AGE OF REASON.

"Reason cannot show itself more reasonable than to cease reasoning on things above reason."—Sir Philip Sidney.

Man dares to question God's just laws,
To sneer, pervert, dissect;
To prove their fallacy, because
He has an intellect.
Created king of every clime,
Possessor of the sod,
Because he wears the form divine
He thinks himself a god.
He reasons out salvation's plan,
Brings theories of his own,
And with his puny, human hand
Usurps his Maker's throne.
Then with his feeble, fleeting breath,
Begs pardon at the gate of death.
—[Farmers' Home.

THE OLD LADY'S LEADING STRINGS.

A Word to Young Men.

[Quiver for April.]

We smile at the quaint appearance of our great-grandmothers apparaled in huge bonnets, needing and possessing huge strings; bonnets which made sailing against the wind, or meeting a neighbor in a narrow lane, alike a serious business. We smile also at that capricious fashion which, a few years ago, imposed upon our sisters a bonnet which the wearer might lose without missing, and which any person might find without becoming enriched—a bonnet quite innocent of a string.

We smile, but have we not also obtracted strings? Not bonnet-strings, perhaps, but leading-strings.

A young man descries upon his upper lip an adumbration, symptomatic of a moustache, and imagines himself somebody. He must now assert his manhood, and repudiate all childish things in general, and leading-strings in particular. The old folks are too jog-a-trot for him. His motto is "Progress," and no tether must restrain his pace, or circumscribe the sphere of his enterprise. Some poor noodles may require looking after, but as for him, he is quite capable of taking care of himself. He is a full-blown MAN, has cut all his wisdom teeth, and so can no longer do with "sop." The old folk forewarn him of young men's dangers, but he ridicules the bare idea of his being caught napping.

"Saying prayers, church-going, and goody-goody talk about angels, are all very well for 'kids,' or old women in their dotage, but not for a young man with a moustache." So he argues, and votes all parental displays of anxiety in a religious direction as mistaken kindnesses, than which a Christmas hamper would be much more acceptable.

You remember the day you left home? It was hard work for the old lady to say "good-bye," wasn't it? Tears trickled down her face as she pressed you to her bosom, gave you a true mother's kiss, and tried to say, "God bless you, my boy!" but couldn't. As the first step outside the old home has often proved the first step to ruin, that night she, with a love second only to the Great Father's commended you to the care of the Almighty; and each returning night saw her pleading at the Throne of Grace on behalf of her absent boy. How impatiently she awaited the arrival of your first letter! What a thrill of joy she experienced when she heard the postman's knock! How eagerly she tore open the letter and devoured its contents! That was some compensation for your absence; but by-and-by correspondence became intermittent. You wrote in a formal and perfunctory manner, just to keep up appearances, or perhaps ceased writing altogether.

The money sent from home was always welcome; but the old lady's letters! Tedious, unsophisticated in style, and so full of anxious inquiries and entreaties, that you stuck them in the fire in disgust. Oh, 'tis the same old story!

Why did you not write to the poor soul? Surely your experience of music-halls, theatres, dancing-saloons, and gin-palaces, in company with your flash companions, would have furnished ample materials for a letter? But you did not write. That silence meant for her torture day and night, brooding over apprehensions, alas! too well grounded. Don't tell me of your polished refinement and gentlemanly deportment in female society. You will not allow your so-called lady friend to carry a light parcel, nor will you knowingly trample on her dress; but you will take good care that your poor mother shall carry a very, very heavy heart, and you will trample on her tenderest feelings without compunction.

I am heartily ashamed of you! Fie on the creature who can wantonly grieve a mother's heart!

He who can play ducks and drakes with a love stronger than life, the most sacred thing under heaven, who can pile up sorrow for a mother's old age—such a wretch is on the high road to rascaldom. If a man can despise the woman who gave him birth, and make his nature proof against all right and tender feeling, there is no brutality of which he will not ultimately become capable. Give him just a little time, and one of these mornings the newspapers will announce a successful experiment performed by the common hangman upon an abandoned and leather-hearted villain, who went to his doom after sleeping soundly and eating a hearty breakfast.

Look at your hands! you pride yourself on their delicate whiteness. But, remember, if you break your mother's heart, they will be stained with her blood.

In the natural order of things she can't be here long to be a nuisance to you. Let her end be peace; prize her whilst you have her. Soon she will write her last obnoxious letter, utter her last prayer for her poor boy, speak her last word of love; and then you will be ushered into her room, and you will kiss her poor wrinkled face, to find it cold!

Oh! those priceless leading-strings! I never knew their value when in actual possession. Deprivation has been my tutor. When quite a child I stood beside a dying mother's bed, and, in my simplicity, chuckled with glee at my first ride in a carriage, although it bore me to her funeral. I remember the last kiss she gave me; I see her poor thin face; I hear her her last "Good-bye," whispered, alas! how faintly! She was a praying mother, and, although I am a matter-of-fact man of rough exterior, accustomed to the stern realities of every-day life, I here, in justice to the blessed memory, record my testimony that, amid many and varied experiences, I have found my life consciously influenced by that bedside scene, and the little priceless tokens left behind, testifying, as they do most eloquently, of her concern for my highest good. Thank God for a praying mother!

Now, don't despise leading-strings. We can't keep on our legs without them.

Some time since a young man undertook to demonstrate to the world the possibility of walking alone; and a pretty hash he made of it!

He toddled away from home, sang a kind of "Britons never shall be slaves," but soon became giddy, lost his equilibrium and his cash, and fell. Meeting a farmer, this young hopeful obsequiously touched his hat, and said, "Beg your pardon, sir, but can you give me a job?" after which he took to studying pork, and dieted on husks to keep his brain clear. Well, it dearly served him right; he should have known when he was well off. Such upstarts generally furnish rods for their own backs. Happily, he had a grain of common sense left. He was a fool, but he knew it.

For the second time on record an animal preached a sermon.

The grunt of a hog brought him up; and then those blessed leading-strings! He felt drawings homeward. He recalled the tear-bedewed faces of the old folk at parting; and when he came to himself it appeared to him very evident that walking alone did not pay. He bade the swine adieu, turned homewards, and a good thing it was for him that when he reached it the old gentleman did not give him tit for tat and say, "Look here, young scapegrace! you went away for your own pleasure, now you can keep away for mine." But no, nothing of the kind; there was love at home.

My good friend, if in the circle in which you revolve it is considered the correct thing to despise home influences, don't follow such a senseless fashion, but get out of the society which eyes it with favor.

We cannot walk alone yet. Uprightness of character is by Divine arrangement, contingent upon many auxiliaries; the fabric is supported by buttresses, pillars, and stays, and no stays stronger than paternal influence. Don't ostracise that. Perchance you may not make old bones. Disease and death are pretty busy. They will give you a look some day—perhaps sooner than you imagine. You will then whimper for some kind hand to smooth your pillow; to wipe the beaded sweat off your brow. You will want to hear something about a Better Land. You will be glad of your mother then. Will she turn her back on you? Never!

A man may deliberately take the high road to ruin; he may squander his fortune; he may sell his soul; he may become the veriest loathsomest beggar alive; he may be emaciated in body, and so repulsive physically and morally—so foul a rag of humanity—that few would care to pick him from the gutter with a pair of tongs—the whole world shall have turned its back upon him; and then—then, when he, a squeezed orange, betakes himself to his wretched bed, to die, an outcast, a trophy of the devil, a good angel comes to claim him as her darling—her precious treasure! She mounts guard at his bedside; anticipates his every wish; keeps sleepless vigil through the solemn midnight watches, and, over and anon, when the dying one shows signs of consciousness, discourses music sweet and soft on Heavenly mercy, and love beyond a mother's. That angel is his mother. And when all is over, and the poor body, for decency's sake, hides its shame beneath the sod, a sorrowing woman in black will, in all weathers, tend his grave, and strew it with forget-me-nots.

The world abounds with hindrances for that young man who is animated by high aims and noble purposes.

Welcome, then, the helps which come from Home. Earthly voices mystify; to heed them is risky, oftimes ruinous; but messages from home are winged by love. Letters thence are written in the golden ink of disinterested affection.

Never let it be said that you have dishonored your parents. Do not play so cowardly a part as to strike a woman, and that woman, forsooth, your mother; not with the clumsy fist, perchance, but with weapons of keen edge, forged illicitly upon the anvil of your heartless neglect and recklessness.

Rather, the while she stays, seize every opportunity to do her homage. Become her valiant and loyal body-guard, to ward off every care-forged dart, and account it privilege indeed. So shall she pass by, her sacred head enshrined within its own aureole, her native glory as Queen of God's creation; her placid face (unmarred by wrinkle of your fixing) betokening both mind and heart at rest.

Thus, untisfigured and undishonored, let her pass.

Back, then, to the bonnet argument. If your character is worth protecting, take every precaution to secure it. Let those who sneer at leading-strings be antiquated and behind the times; pursue their folly. For your part, be wise; leave it to others who can walk alone to be *clever*.

SENATOR STANFORD'S CURE FOR POVERTY.

The other day I asked the millionaire Senator from California, "How would you abolish beggary?"

"There is only one way," he said, "Dry up the sources—abolish the conditions that make beggars. To try to cure poverty by street charity is like trying to stop a hole in your roof by mopping up the puddles that gather on your floor."

I asked him if he would specify the conditions.

"Yes," he said "I can vaguely indicate them. Let me say, in the first place, that it is not millionaires that cause poverty. Nobody is worse off because the Vanderbilts are worth $200,000,000. If they had not the wealth, it would not exist at all. It is only in these communities where millionaires are possible that the average citizen has enough to eat. Now, what causes poverty?

"(1.) Ignorance